

NOT FOR LADIES

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 13.

PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 30, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE—SAFE AND SPEEDY.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous Affections individually known as

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Insomnia or
Sleeplessness
Brain Fag
Lassitude
Vague Fears

Nervousness
Irritability
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Morbid Forebodings
Faintness
Melancholia
Inability to Concentrate the Mind

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Moroseness
Nervous Debility

Hysteria
Despondency or
Depression and
General Brain and
Nerve Exhaustion.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

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THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of one element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

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One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the degree of intellectual thought depends upon the amount of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as the Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the brain power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and body structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so does the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus

is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

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The Proprietors offer a Bottle Gratis to every person who has not hitherto tried Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, on the condition that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such.

The Trial Bottle we offer is a generous sized one, and contains a week's supply. We charge nothing whatever for the sample itself, but, as it weighs over half a pound (packed), it costs 3d. to send by parcel post, and we ask you to stand this small item of expense. No charge if called for.

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10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 13.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 30TH, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

LEFT-LETTER SHOPS.

LET US HAVE THEM ALL CLOSED.

The incompetence of our system of police is strikingly shown in the matter of the left-letter shop. Almost any small newsagent, tobacconist or general shopkeeper on the south side of the Thames will take in letters for any person on condition that a penny is paid for each letter when they are called for.

This system lends itself to the basest kind of fraud, and it is not far from the truth to say that fully one half of the people availing themselves of this privilege are frauds of one kind or another.

It may be argued that the system is highly useful to birds of passage, to those who may be changing their lodgings from time to time, but who wish to have a permanent address, but I would say unhesitatingly that the convenience of these people should be sacrificed in order that the swindles worked by means of the letter shop should be put an end to.

A favourite trick is this: A man calls at a shop and asks if the tradesman would oblige him by taking in his letters. To this the shopkeeper agrees, on the usual terms, and the customer gives his name as, say, George Good-utility. He then advertises some article of general utility at a remarkably low price.

It may be a guinea kodak guaranteed to be in excellent repair, for half-a-crown. It may be a Singer's sewing machine for ten shillings, or a Remington typewriter for a sovereign. It matters little what the article advertised may be, so long as it is something well known to the advertiser appears, giving the name address as that of the shop. Those who send in a postal order imagine, of course, that this is the advertiser's residence. He lets a day pass, and then he calls for his letters, receiving a batch and departing, never to return to that shop but to seek out another for fresh ventures.

The danger of the system is fully recognised by the police, for they compel every shopkeeper to keep a list of the names of these customers with a brief description of them. The duped correspondents write indignantly to Goodman, asking why they have not received the article for which they have paid, but these second letters, being worthless to him, are not called for. Then his victims write to Scotland Yard and a detective calls at the shop and demands a description of the customer from the tradesman.

"Dark hair, dark moustache, aged about 35. Navy blue suit and bowler hat." Such is the needless description that can be obtained, and I draw public attention to this matter in order that all who read this may be warned of the danger of sending money to strangers under any circumstances whatsoever, and also because I think that public opinion should be brought to bear upon the police to induce them to suppress the left-letter system altogether. A. C. FOULD.

FRANK OPINIONS.

In a headline the *Daily Express* says: "Miss Fisk has stumbled on the wrong stoop." We have not the remotest idea as to what our contemporary means, but apparently it has caught the lady bending.

The *Daily Mail* recently came out with two leaders in one issue. The first was entitled "Revival of the Guillotine," the second "The Secrets of Long Life."

They never were remarkable for their sense of humour at Carmelite House.

"The stage has a glamour for the uninitiated which the man who has been behind the scenes finds it hard to find," says Mr. Bernard Pogson. But men don't usually go behind the scenes looking for glamour. *Amour* is more in their line.

Mr. Plowden says he only wishes he had some power to punish people who assist beggars in the street. Well, what are we to do. Ask them to dinner before shelling out?

A contemporary likens a police court to a field of humour where the reporter gleans what the justice mows with the "dull sickle of his wit." Police court humour is certainly often sickly.

Suggested epitaph for a defunct motor-'bus: You may break, you may shatter the 'bus if you will;

But the scent of the petrol will cling to it still.

A long way after Tom Moore.

A Borough Council has bought itself a tea service, as hitherto the Mayor and Councillors, when they wanted tea, have had to borrow cups and saucers from the housekeeper. In future the Mayor is to be known as "His Washup."

"Violets" is no longer the favourite song of the stockbroker to whom Miss Violet Charlesworth is said to owe £10,000.

An expert tells us that "a Havana cigar is a cigar made of Havana tobacco in Havana." "And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew."

The "Tube Woman" is the latest product of fashion. That is, it is decreed from Paris that ladies' figures are to show no rotundities, this result being obtained by wearing exceptionally long corsets. Hats for this style will, of course, be trimmed with tuberose. But the whole idea strikes us as a hollow mockery of the female form divine.

"The salient feature of a costume for an aeroplane is that it must fit closely round the ankles," says the *Drapery Times*.

We think it is rather unkind of our contemporary thus to suggest that the fair aeroplanist will so often be standing on her head.

NORMAN FRASER.

DULL SPORTS.

WHY THEY LACK SPECTATORS.

There are those who would have you believe that we are falling from our ancient position as the premier sport-loving nation of the world, and they base the suggestion on the small attendances at such events as Highland gatherings, and on the empty seats that faced the competitors at the Olympic games last summer.

During that meeting the London newspapers spent half their time begging the authorities to reduce the prices of admission, and the other half imploring the public to put in an appearance and uphold the national reputation.

To preach sport-going as a gospel is as ridiculous as telling a man he ought to have a sweetheart. He follows sport, as he loves, because he is a normal man; if he does neither it is because he is not built that way, and that is his misfortune; it is useless to preach at him about it.

If we discovered a village where none of the young men had sweethearts, we should say that there was something the matter with the girls; and so, when we find a certain type of sporting meeting unattended, we may fairly assert that there is something wrong with the particular sports there exhibited.

The truth is that sports of the Highland gathering and Olympic type are hopelessly out-of-date. They make the poorest of poor spectacles, and to ask the public patronage for them is to whistle for the moon.

What a merry time you can have watching a number of middle-aged women shooting at a target with bows and arrows! And yet that was one of the items which the organisers of the Olympic Games presented for the delectation of the spectators. If any music-hall manager presented such a spectacle on the stage the audience would take the opportunity of going out for a drink, and would be wiser in their selection of a place of entertainment in future.

The only way to save such meetings from being held without an audience, is to introduce the outside interest of betting. It is that alone which makes a horse-race draw a crowd, but it is not desirable to introduce this element into our purer sports, neither is it possible. A jockey can pull a horse, but the public thinks that a good horse can win in spite of its rider, and so they back it; where everything depended on the efforts of a human competitor, the public would keep its money in its pocket, for the chances of crooked work would be too great.

What is lacking in these athletic meetings is a scientific interest. You get this to the full in a good game, whether it be cricket or football, because you are playing it mentally as you watch. Thus your attention is held and you are entertained, but there is no such interest in watching a man throwing a hammer or jumping over a fence.

Running, cycling, swimming and all other sports which are in no sense games, are excellent to play, but they are deadly dull to watch.

NORMAN CHEYNE.



Officers! Come and be D----d!



AN INTERESTING SIDE-LIGHT ON COMMISSIONED LIFE IN THE ARMY.

"Adjutant's compliments, sir, and would you please go to the Orderly Room at once, sir."

Well do I remember the cold chills that traversed my spine when for the first, though, I fear, not the last time in my Service life, I received this "invitation" via a mess waiter.

For this, or something like it, is the usual formula when you are in for a "wiggling" from your Commanding Officer.

Of course, this message may not always be the forerunner of trouble. It may merely mean that the C.O. wants to see you to tell you what a zealous and capable young officer you are, and to beg you to take ten days' leave, as he fears you have been overworking yourself.

As I say, it *may* mean that, though, if any C.O. ever entertained such sentiments towards me, I can only regret that he was so successful in concealing the fact.

As a rule, however, "Adjutant's compliments, etc." means that you are going to get the "rough side" of the C.O.'s tongue.

The C.O. may elect to reprimand you in the presence of your brother officers, although he should never censure an officer before other officers junior to him in rank.

REPRIMAND DEPENDENT ON LIVER.

Usually, however, only the C.O., Adjutant, and culprit are present, and the nature and severity of the reprimand naturally depend on the offence, and the "old man's" command of language—also the state of his liver.

No official record is kept of the reprimand, and here it may be said that an officer can only be really punished as regards deprivation of rank or liberty by sentence of a General Court-martial or by the direct command of the Sovereign, as for example, when an officer is removed from the Army, "his Majesty having no further occasion for his services." But of that more presently.

So far as the C.O. of a regiment's powers of punishment over his officers are concerned, he may order them under arrest—he must at once report to his superior having done so—stop or refuse leave of absence, and, as has been said, reprimand them either individually or collectively.

It is when the C.O. has "got it up against" his officers as a body that the "sweet" strains of the "Officers' Call" float through the barracks, and there is a great buckling on of swords and wondering "what we've been doing now."

WORDS FOR THE MUSIC.

To the "Officers' Call" tradition has fitted the words "Officers! Come and be da-amned! Officers! Come and be da-amned!" And, in truth, it is usually for that purpose that it is sounded.

The "Officers' Call" goes with great frequency just before "General's Inspection," especially when the C.O. is a nervous, fussy man, and the tale is usually the same—"you are not supporting me, gentlemen, etc., etc."

It may, however, be sounded at all times and for all reasons, and the most extraordinary reason I ever heard of was when a C.O. invited us to come and be d----d because a visitor to the mess had drunk half a bottle of claret!

This C.O. was an almost incredibly mean man, and particularly resented being called upon to pay his share of the entertainment of mess guests.

One day an officer of another corps came to us on court-martial duty, was naturally invited to stay to luncheon and as naturally asked what he would take to drink. In nine cases out of ten he would have said "Beer," or "Whisky and soda," the usual tipples for lunch in a regiment.

It happened, however, that he had not been very well, and so he said he would like some claret, which, of course, he had.

Next morning—"Officers! Come and be da-amned! Officers! Come and be da-amned!" and we filed into the Orderly Room.

As this happened at a depôt, we were only a small party. But one of us was a full-blown major, and two of us wore war medals.

THREEPENCE AT STAKE.

To our speechless amazement we were greeted with a tirade on the iniquity of Captain Blank's swilling claret—he had half a bottle—at his, the C.O.'s, expense. On our pointing out that Captain Blank was a guest and had asked for claret, we were informed that we should have told him there was none in the mess, and finally that he, the C.O., declined to contribute a penny towards the cost of Captain Blank's swinish behaviour and entertainment. I may add that the C.O.'s share would have amounted to about 3d.

As has been said, an officer can only be really punished by sentence of a General Court-martial, or by the order of the Sovereign, who, however, can only deprive the offender of his commission, and cannot order him imprisonment.

A General Court-martial, on the other hand, can sentence an officer to death, penal servitude, imprisonment with or without hard labour, to be cashiered, or to be dismissed from the Service.

Between "cashiering" and "dismissal" there is this difference, an officer cashiered can never serve the Crown again in any capacity, but "dismissal" carries no such disability.

A General Court-martial is the only military court that can legally try an officer.

INFORMAL TRIBUNALS.

Young officers, however, are often tried by the informal tribunal of a "Subalterns' Court-martial," though these irregular courts are not so common now as in the days when regulations against "ragging" were less stringent.

A Subalterns' Court-martial is usually a hilarious and harmless affair, held in the small hours of the morning of a "guest night."

The charge generally relates to some breach of mess etiquette. The offender has sneaked off to bed while a guest still remained in the mess, or he has persisted in doing something which his brother officers consider bad form, and which he has been warned not to do.

The proceedings as a rule are wildly farcical and end in the prisoner being sentenced to stand drinks all round, sing a song, or to do something ridiculous.

Sometimes, however, a Subalterns' Court-martial is conducted in deadly earnest. This is when some young ass has deliberately set his brother officers at defiance on some point of behaviour, etiquette or custom.

In such cases I have seen very severe corporal punishment administered by order of the "court."

Of course, it may be said that such treatment is brutal, degrading, etc. But on the other hand if a young officer persists in outraging the public opinion of a mess, it may be that he richly deserves what he gets. "CHINSTRAP."



FOOLS.

SOME REPUTATIONS TAKEN AWAY.

First of all, there is the Hygienic Horror, the man who is everlastingly concerned about his health, and lives in a nightmare atmosphere of microbes and bacilli.

He is a fool, a blazing fool, because in the first place he makes a burden of what should be life's greatest blessing—health. He thinks so much about his health that he not infrequently ends by making himself ill, and in any case his health is an obsession to him.

In the next place he is a fool because he detects hygienic evil in every enjoyable thing in life. We mustn't kiss because it is unhygienic; we mustn't have fires, carpets, curtains—anything that makes a room comfortable—because it is unhygienic. He goes in fear and trembling of microbes, and that is not only foolish, but unmanly. There is, however, one redeeming feature about the Hygienic Horror—he usually dies or is murdered young.

Closely allied with the Hygienic Horror is the Food Faddist. If he likes to live on monkey nuts and cabbage stalks by all means let him do so—that is his affair. But let him refrain from trying to force his disgusting diet down everybody's throat. Because I happen to like lobster and it agrees with me I don't rush about imploring people to eat lobster, and telling them that everything else is poison.

The Food Faddist, as I say, is entitled to his views, but he is a fool because he wastes time and energy trying to persuade people to eat what is not acceptable to the majority of mankind. Moreover, like the Hygienic Horror, he makes a burden of what should be a blessing—the pleasures of the table.

Then there is the modern Member of Parliament. What is he in nine cases out of ten? An automaton, voting blindly at the behest of his leader, who scarcely knows him even by sight, seldom allowed to speak, still more rarely listened to. In return he has the "privileges" of listening for hours to dreary debates, scampering in and out of division lobbies, and, as an M.P. once graphically put it to me, being "bled white" by subscription hunters and electoral harpies of all kinds.

The modern M.P. is either a fool who sacrifices his chances of enjoying life for no adequate return, unless the now somewhat fly-blown distinction of M.P. is to be considered such, or an axe-grinding knave, who, under the pretence of public duty, goes into Parliament to further his own private and sordid ends.

An even bigger fool, perhaps, is the amateur politician. The idiot who devotes the leisure he might spend in healthful enjoyment to the study of questions that either don't matter, or that he is incapable of understanding. You meet this kind of ass everywhere, ready to solve the problems of Unemployment, Free Trade, Protection, and so on, and always convinced that there is only one side—his side—to a question.

Then there is the Socialist, or at least a certain type of him. The sort of ninny who wants all men to be equal and is therefore a double distilled dunderhead because he flies in the face of Nature. Broadly speaking, the Socialist is a fool because he minds, or wants to mind, everybody's business but his own.

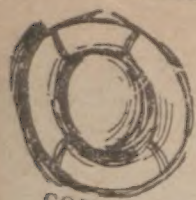
Then what a lot of learned fools there are. These academic maggots who let the whole pageant of life slip by while they burrow in Greek roots or fight furiously as to whether Pharaoh I. wore whiskers or not.

And there are other fools; among them the theological ass who invents a new religion once a week; the sentimental sump who signs petitions for the reprieve of revolting criminals.

As prominent specimens of modern fools I select the Hygienic Horror, the Food Faddist, the Politician, the Socialist, the dry-as-dust Professor, because in one way or another they refuse the gifts that the gods have given them.

None of us leads a perfect life, but we can at least "live."

OLIVER STOKES.



The DUMB PASSENGER



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By GEORGE PLAYER.

He laid the letter down upon the table, closed his fist and pressed it upon the paper till he had ironed out all the creases, then he read the communication from beginning to end once more, and he smiled very placidly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Middleton, "I'm sorry to see you've got bad news."

The lady had uncommonly good opportunities for learning her husband's little tricks in the matter of expressing his emotions, and she understood that he never smiled over a letter except when it was not to his liking.

"This," he replied, "is just about the limit. I don't say it is over, but it's right up to the very boundary—on the line in fact. Last time he sent us that little beast in the knickerbocker suit, who would strut on the bridge and poke into every place that he shouldn't till I was obliged, as you remember, to threaten him with irons."

"Now, if you please, I am to prepare a cabin for Mr. Shand, a gentleman who is both deaf and dumb, and who will join the ship at Liverpool. It's bad enough turning a tramp into a floating boarding house, but I'm hanged if I'm going to put up much longer with carrying people like this. One time it's an impudent, bragging lump of vulgarity, the next it's a man who can't even talk. There is one comfort, however—he won't hear me swear at him."

The worthy spouse of Captain John Middleton here set out on a little lecturing tour, passing from point to point of his career and showing him just why he ought to make his best effort to keep in the good books of the owner.

It was rather nasty of her, but perhaps excusable, to point out that a skipper who had had his ticket suspended for a year could not afford to be over particular in his selection of a boat; she generously admitted the fact that the wreck in connection with which the suspension had taken place had been in no way due to negligence on his part, but none the less her argument was unpleasant, because of its truth.

"My dear Bella," he said, crumpling the letter in his hand, "if Mr. Oliver Lightwood, of Lightwood and Co., were here at this identical moment, I should repeat to him exactly what I have said to you. I would add also for his special edification my opinion that he is the meanest thing walking on two feet. He takes, I daresay, a pound a week from these wretched passengers of his, but he never lets us have as much as a tin of biscuits extra to feed them on. After they get over their first sickness they have appetites like tigers, and I humbly prophesy that by the time we reach Grimsby we shall be on starvation rations."

Mrs. Middleton took it upon herself to see to the preparation of a cabin for the afflicted Mr. Shand. She was a kindly being, and his deafness and his dumbness had already won him a place in her sympathy. Her husband contented himself with grumbling, and, when they reached Liverpool, swore by several things that he would not wait one minute longer than was necessary for unloading the cargo destined for that port.

Captain Middleton had no need either to offend the owner by leaving before the arrival of the guest or to perjure himself by waiting after such solemn promises.

Immediately the vessel touched the quayside there walked towards it a little gentleman dressed in a gray suit and a gray cap, with a paternal gray beard. He introduced himself as Mr. Shand by holding out a visiting card and



pointing to his mouth.

As the tramp swung down the river, Middleton showed the dumb passenger to his cabin, and within its four walls Mr. Shand remained till dinner time. In the evening he signed to the cabin boy to bring him a lamp, and once more he remained for a further spell with himself for company.

"Well," said Middleton to his wife that night, "he's certainly not going to make himself a nuisance, anyhow. I could have done with someone who would have been a bit of company, but it's always something to be thankful for when they're quiet."

Had he been superstitious, he would have touched wood after making this statement. Possibly it was because he omitted to do so that he discovered next day that Mr. Shand was rivalling the former passenger in the way of being objectionable.

After breakfast he came stalking along the deck not unlike a tortoise, for he was much bent and used a couple of walking sticks to assist him.

Just beside the funnel he spread down a chart and fixed it to the deck with drawing pins. Then he seated himself beside it and glanced alternately from the shore to the diagram at his feet.

It was all very well to take a keen interest in the progress the ship was making, but a map pinned to the deck just there is apt to be very much in the way.

To begin with the men stepped very carefully over it, but presently one of them heard Captain Middleton make a remark concerning people and maps, and, his opinion being spread about and being thoroughly shared by the others, the cook, next time he passed, set his foot right in the middle of the map, and it happened that there was some tar on the sole of his boot.

Mr. Shand spent an hour after that scouring the tar off the diagram with turpentine, and even the cook regretted what he had done when he saw how patient the old man was about it.

By noon the map appeared to lose its interest and Mr. Shand began to explore the ship. Captain Middleton endeavoured to explain to him that in certain places he might be in danger of falling into the hold and in certain other places that he was distinctly in the way, but in the midst of his explanations he recollected that Mr. Shand was deaf, and so he sighed heavily, took him gently by the shoulder and guided him back to a seat beside the funnel.

Mr. Shand appeared to think that this was merely the captain's way of indicating hearty good feeling; he smiled and nodded to the captain in an endeavour to express his thanks, and then calmly made his way back to the hatches from which he had been removed.

The captain stared blankly after him and then hurt his toe by kicking a coil of rope, but he saw that all remonstrance would be unavailing and he determined to trust to luck, hoping that Mr. Shand would fall overboard or break his neck as soon as possible.

Next day just after tea, Middleton went on the bridge, and looking down saw his passenger stretched full length along the deck, face downward, his shaggy head projecting over the mouth of the hold. The hatches were open because it was necessary to keep the cargo ventilated as some of it was distinctly odorous.

Middleton trusted that Mr. Shand was enjoying the fumes. Apparently he was, for even as the skipper looked, he turned round his little shaggy face and smiled with much satisfaction.

By the time they reached Plymouth the skipper and his crew had ceased to be amused at

Mr. Shand or even interested in him. He appeared to be too lucky to break his neck or to get drowned, and when they found him sprawling in the way they simply stepped over him.

During the trip up the Channel his map disappeared, but when they left Dover it was once more in evidence, and he kept studying it all the time they were crossing the mouth of the Thames.

Far to the west a light showed in the sky where the million lamps of London were reflected, and Captain Middleton was looking at this and thinking how nice it would be to always feel the ground beneath your feet, when suddenly he saw a little trail of smoke come out of the fore-hatch. He looked again and this time an arrow of flame shot up amongst the smoke.

Middleton was more competent in cases of emergency than he was in routine work, and within three minutes of the discovery of the outbreak, the two fire hoses had been attached to the pumps and water was streaming into the burning hold.

Middleton was busy giving directions, when a hand touched his arm and he looked round to find Mr. Shand, self-possessed as ever, pointing to the boats on the davits.

"Thanks very much for pointing them out," said Middleton, "I'd quite forgotten about them," and taking an axe he promptly stove in a few planks in each. "That cuts off all escape and makes certain that the men will work their best to put this fire out. I can't afford to lose another boat," he added to himself.

The effect upon Mr. Shand was miraculous. He swore in a manner that would have done credit to a sea captain of long standing; he stamped his feet with a vigour that showed he was completely cured of his decrepitude. The things he said concerning the personal character of Middleton were so unpleasant to hear that the captain took him by the coat collar, put him down the companion ladder and locked the door above him.

Mr. Shand had got one of his two sticks with him, and with this he belaboured the inside of the door, sometimes stopping to yell in terror by way of a change, and he kept this up till at length the crew, spurred to enthusiasm by the fact that retreat was cut off, succeeded in putting out the fire.

Middleton was dirty and hot with the smoke and heat, and when all danger was over he determined to have a wash. He reached the companion door on his way to his cabin and it was only when he found it locked that he recollected the existence of his passenger and prisoner. The latter was ignorant of the fact that danger was over, and as soon as the door opened he made an effort to rush past Middleton.

The sailor tried to stop him in order to explain matters, but Mr. Shand ducked, with the result that Middleton's hand came in contact with his venerable white beard and poor Middleton thought he had committed something akin to murder when he found the beard left in his grasp. Then for the first time he recognised that Mr. Shand and Mr. Lightwood, his respected owner, were one and the same person.

"And so it was you that set the cargo on fire," said Middleton ten minutes later as the two faced one another across the cabin table. "I suppose the old tub is insured for fifty times her worth?"

"Never mind about that," replied the owner. "All you need to know is that I'm going to transfer you from this boat to the *Briarbus*, the best vessel we have. I know you'd like something better, something more certain; in your new post you'll have it, because I can't afford to sack you."

"There are other things you can't afford to do," remarked the skipper, "and one of them is to make money out of insurance companies. I've got that beard in my locker, and I'm going to keep it, just in case one of your vessels should founder mysteriously. It would be the policy of the insurance company to buy it from me at a premium!"



Rapid Physical Development



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

TENSING AT WORK.

Some time ago an article appeared on this page, showing that a man whose daily work was of a physical kind, could produce wonderful muscles by tensing them during it, instead of getting through his labours with a minimum of effort.

That article had my full sanction and approval, as do all others that appear on this page, which is my own special province.

I have before me a letter of protest from a reader. He says that he gave tensing at work a full and fair trial, but found it lacking. He admits that the effect upon his development was wonderful, but he tells me that the effort was too great, that he found himself thinking of his muscles instead of his work, and that consequently the output was less.

This is quite natural, for there is a law of compensation in everything. You can't have a terrific output and a huge development at the same time. But he misinterpreted what the writer meant. It was distinctly stated that the mind was to be concentrated on the muscles only during those periods when the labour was automatic, when the attention was not otherwise required. In all ordinary work such periods occur frequently, and I have every confidence in recommending the system.

FOR THIGHS AND CALVES.

Place the hands lightly on the waist, and stand on your right foot. Now raise yourself on to your right toe, at the same time lifting the left heel as high as you can. Repeat five times, and then do it standing on the left foot.



A five minutes' spell of this is as good as an hour's hard cycling.

Here we have many muscles developed simultaneously. I know of no finer exercise for the ankles, calves and thighs, and there is the added effort of maintaining the balance, which has a most beneficial effect in equalising the development, and thus adding to the symmetry and general beauty of the body.

This exercise may safely be practised by anyone, from the beginner to the athlete, for it is just as hard as you make it, and there is no danger whatsoever of straining yourself.

OUTDOOR EXERCISE.

I want to correct a wrong impression which I find from my correspondence that many of my readers entertain.

It has been suggested that in devising my exercises I have done away with the need for outdoor recreation, and from several quarters I have been thanked, because, I am told, a finer development can be secured by means of these exercises than is possible from ordinary outdoor recreation; and moreover this system of physical culture saves time.

I should be sorry to put forward such a claim.

Undoubtedly my method will grow you big muscles, but that is not the whole thing. The muscles will bring you health, but you need something as well. You need to fill your lungs with the good fresh air, and you ought to get outside and have a cycle spin or walk as often as ever you can.

No man, except the busy person who can't afford the time to enjoy life, should permit himself to depend for his health on physical culture

alone. Let him get outside. There is more than air in the wider world; there is nature, with her stimulating and reviving effect on your mind as well as on your body.

IDEAL TRAINING.

I want to impress upon my readers the ideal at which they should aim as physical culturists.

Some men want only big muscles. That is a mistake.

The man whose muscles can have nothing better said about them than that they are big, is in a bad way. They should be not only large, but also in thorough training.

The test of a well-trained muscle is whether or not it rapidly recovers its tone after exercise.

We all feel tired after we have done hard work, but the trained athlete quickly recovers from his tiredness and his muscles are fit again while those of the untrained man are still aching.

He obtains this result by going in for exercise regularly, by varying his exercise, by massage, and by practising the special relaxing exercises which I have given on this page, and more of which I have to come.

A STIFF ARM EXERCISE.

Spreading yourself on the floor and lowering and raising your body by bending and straightening your arms I have already advocated as a fine chest and arm developer. Here is an adaptation which makes the exercise twenty times harder. It is designed and intended for the athlete, and I warn the beginner to avoid it, as I do not care to be responsible for any man straining himself.



An exercise for the athlete only

Place yourself as indicated in the sketch, the hands on the floor and the feet resting on a pile of books. Now lower the body till the chest touches the floor, raise it again, and repeat till you begin to feel tired. Don't on any account force yourself to keep this exercise up after fatigue has announced its presence.

To make the exercise still harder, turn in the fingers till the hands point towards one another instead of to the front.

This exercise is capital for the arms, chest and back, but, once again, remember that it is only for the man who has already a good supply of muscle.

SQUARE SHOULDERS.

Put yourself in the position indicated in the illustration, your fists tightly clenched and turned inwards towards your shoulders, your elbows well away from your sides.

Tense every arm muscle throughout the whole of this exercise. If you omit the tensing you will derive no benefit from it whatsoever.

I know that some men find it very difficult to tense their muscles. They can do it here without much trouble. Let them grip their fists as if they were trying to crack something held in the palm of the hand—let them grip as if their lives depended on it.

When every muscle of your arms is tense and hard, bring your elbows towards your body till they touch your ribs, and keep up the tensing all the time.

Then push the arms back to the first position and repeat five times. Five will be quite often enough if you put into it all the vim I want you to.

I know of nothing to better this exercise as a shoulder developer, and its effect on the arms is also marked and immediate.



This exercise gives you a splendid pair of square shoulders in a very short time.

EXERCISE.

HOW CAN WE MAKE IT MORE POPULAR?

Ours is supposed to be an athletic nation. Most of us profess an admiration, if not a love, for outdoor sports. All acquiesce in the dictum that exercise is necessary to health.

Yet many men pass the most vigorous period of their lives without applying their knowledge of the value of exercise to the care and development of their own particular bodies. One mortal coil to one mortal is the maximum allowance in this world. Why not make the most of it and raise it to its highest possible pitch of perfection during its natural prime?

We should not wait, as so many do, until grave bodily illness backed up by stern medical orders transform into an anxious duty what should have been a pastime of pure delight.

Natural indolence—putting off the taking up of an exercise until "next season"—is sometimes the cause of this costly neglect of exercise. Laborious work during the earning hours is a more reasonable excuse, but the sedentary brain-worker is often less inclined for exercise than the young farm hand, the manual-working tradesman or the mechanic. It seems that the less the muscles are used the less they are likely to be.

Too studious recreations spoil some men for healthy activity in the open. As the appetite for inactive pleasures grows, the natural inclination for outdoor enjoyment withers. Then a man gradually becomes as an indoor plant, unfit for his natural element, the fresh air.

Irregularity is another cause of insufficient exercise. Many clerks soon find out that an occasional outburst at football or hockey does the human organism far more harm than good. The after effects of a stiff match on an untrained man may be quite dangerous.

Most men at thirty have more poison embedded in their tissues and packed round their joints than at the age of twenty. A hotly contested football struggle is too violent and sudden a method of elimination. Regular training would obviate this objection to a great extent, but frequent practice in such a sport is not always practicable.

What we are waiting for is the popularisation of milder forms of outdoor exercise. More interest given to walking, rambling, and the various outdoor interests which involve walking and rambling for their successful enjoyment.

If the same amount of public attention and encouragement which is now given to cricket and football—pastimes in which comparatively few can conveniently engage—were bestowed on walking, there would be a quick improvement in the national health and physique.

Every able-bodied man can go in for walking and it is therefore a sport which should be stimulated and fostered by every possible means except indiscriminate alms-giving to tramps.

Walking and rambling clubs might be far more numerous than they are at present. Where they do not exist they could easily be formed without expense, as no outfit worth mentioning is necessary.

The stimulus of competition might be provided for the young, more active and ambitious men. Older members could find their objects of interest. All could cultivate a love for the beauties of nature, become weather-wise and study animals and crops in the country.

Where a club is not available there is nothing for it but to walk by yourself—that is, supposing you have no chum. You can add to the interest of the solitary walk by taking your camera or your dog with you.

Men who find even walking rather too trying at first must be satisfied with short distances and begin with and gradually increase their attempts. Then there will be no danger of over-exertion or subsequent discomfort.

Walking is the oldest, most natural, easiest and most economical form of sport. It is the easiest and safest method of acquiring bodily vigour. To get force we must spend it.

R. BOND.

BRIGHTER CLOTHES.

A PLEA FOR FANCY VESTS AND RIDING BREECHES.

Much fun has been poked at the fancy vest—why I do not know.

It does not seem to be a matter for humour, somehow. It is an innovation, I will admit, but it is in the right direction. No one but will agree that our clothes sadly want brightening up a little bit. We are too drab.

There is not surely any reason why we should run about like undertakers' mutes all our lives. This occupation has largely been done away with, but the clothes remain. The "suit of solemn black" is still with us. No doubt it is very staid and respectable, but that is about all that can be said for it.

Why not the fancy vest? What is wrong with it? Is man so beautiful already that he cannot bear a little further adornment? Why a sprinkle of colour? We admire it in other things, notably women. Why not in man?

I do not mean that we should immediately return to the lace and ruffle. Time enough for that when we get Socialism. We shall—or shall we?—have more leisure then. At present we have work to do—dirty jobs that a good many of us do not like. But enough of that. The time is not altogether ripe—yet. There may come a time. We are aiming in the right direction.

Out of the caterpillar comes, in season, a beautiful butterfly. We may yet behold many things. I am glad to see man, in however infinitesimal a degree, making some shape, making a move, progressing.

I call it progressing though many people will differ from me. I do not care. The way of the pioneer was never easy. His path is bestrewn with difficulties. He would not be worth his salt could he not overcome them. Man—the proper sort—was made for trouble.

He is getting it in this matter—his new departure—of the fancy vest, just as he experienced it at the beginning of the popularity of breeches and leggings.

You will remember the time. You may not have been one of those hardy pioneers who bore the brunt of the fray. You may, in fact, have been of the scoffers who mocked at man for his presumption in daring to depart from the ordinary—without consulting you. You, perhaps, twitted him unmercifully with regard to a certain mythical gee-gee that he was presumed to be keeping round the corner—no one ever saw it—and such like pleasantry. But the breeches and leggings are still with us, and are doing their work well—that of keeping our nether limbs warm and dry during the cold and clammy wintry weather.

As one of the foremost malefactors then, I say I was mistaken. Trousers, even of the riding kind, have another purpose besides clasping a horse's sides.

They keep a man warm. They are comfortable. They give you that friendly grip about the knee that alone inspires confidence to do and dare almost anything.

A great era is dawning on us. We are going back to the heroic period. Men will not always be content to be mere slaves, for that is what they have degenerated into since they took to wearing the "long cylindrical bags" called trousers. Why—do you not see it?—the dress has been devised for a purpose. Man could not feel independent in such a garb. It has meant servility written all over it.

If you want to make good men, dress 'em, say I! Give them clothes. Buck them up. Start them well.

Look at the man in the fancy vest! Is there not confidence for you? Add a pair of "horsey" breeches, and there you are.

If he hasn't a horse—and I don't suppose he will—well, what matter? He will feel as if he owned Newmarket. That is the grand idea. Make a man feel, and he is ready to take to the saddle any day, aye any minute. The stuff is there. It only wants to be put into clothes.

P. B. KELLY.

SPORTING STORIES.



COMMON PROPERTY.

He was a trainer of race-horses, and he feared neither man nor beast; but we must not read "man" in its widest sense, for his boldness disappeared like mist before the sunshine when it came to dealing with his wife.

"Bill," she said to him one day, "Bill, I won't have you speaking as if the whole place belonged to you. You are continually saying 'my horses' and 'my house.' You must say in future 'our horses' and 'our house.' And don't stand staring at me open-mouthed, but remember what I've told you."

"Yes, my dear," he replied, and he kicked the cat when he met it in the passage, though he was usually kind to all creatures.

Next morning she observed him searching for something.

"Bill," she said, "Bill, you'll lose your head next, if you have one, which I doubt. What are you looking for now?"

"My love," he replied, "I'm looking for our breeches."

FAIR ESTIMATE.

He was wealthy, but he didn't see why anybody else should become so at his expense. That's how he put it. Other people, who were prejudiced of course, called him a miser.

One day he drove into the market town to deposit some of his superfluous oof in the bank. As he alighted, he espied an urchin loafing about the bank door.

He hated having to pay for putting up his horse at a stable, and he hated having to tip the ostler; here was an opportunity of doing things on the cheap.

"Boy," he said, "hold my horse."

And the urchin took the reins with no great haste, for the man's reputation was known. When he came out of the bank five minutes later he observed that the original urchin had disappeared and that another now stood by the horse's head.

"Boy," said the man, "it wasn't you I left in charge."

"No," replied the new urchin. "I paid Billy to give me the job, and I'm counting on making about a hundred per cent. by the deal."

"How much did you pay him?"

"A ha'penny."

WELL QUALIFIED.

The door opened and her father, looking up from his financial paper, beheld first the tip of the young man's nose and then the rest of his face. The young man showed no inclination to enter further.

"Well, sir!" thundered her father. "How dare you again come to my house? Didn't you ask me yesterday for my daughter's hand, and didn't I kick you out of the room and down the stairs and along the passage and down the front steps and along the walk and out of the gate? Do you dare to come back to ask me to reconsider my decision?"

"No," replied the young man, "but I thought I'd ask you if you'd join our football club."

The young man closed the door just in time to avoid the bronze ornament which her father picked up from the mantelpiece.

"A BEAGLING I WILL GO!"

HUNTING ANYONE CAN AFFORD.

You are frankly pessimistic.

"What is there," you remark, "in chasing a bit of a hare round the countryside?"

Yet here is the master's invitation to join the hunt on the morrow.

You accept.

The morning of the meet dawns cold and dismal. Grey clouds scud across the sky; rain may fall any minute. Getting into some old toggery and a strong pair of boots, determined to do or die, you set forth, swearing softly at all beagles, and this pack in particular.

The meet is fixed at the King's Arms, situate in a neighbouring village two miles distant. Striding along you begin to feel that things are not so bad after all. The delicious keen wind whips your face; beautiful, clean air gets into your lungs; and by the time you reach the King's Arms you are on a fair way to be cheerful.

The genial smile of the master, combined with the sight of an impatient pack of beagles anxious to be off, touches up your sporting chord.

It is decided to draw a small covert across a turnip field hard by. Trudging along, over your boot tops in loam and turnips, you have nearly reached the covert when a yelp goes up from the pack and a rapidly bobbing brown bundle scuttles away ahead.

Off you leap in hot pursuit, following a hedge for some distance, then out into the open.

Straight away now! You top a rise, and plunge down the other side to a brook. Old hands take it at one bound; you jump all you know how, just miss the far bank and drop in. Wet and muddy you plug on. Your blood is up; every vestige of pessimism is lost.

"Long Harry" doubles; the trailing field halts to let him pass; the hounds are in hot pursuit. Straight on down into a corner of the field, right through a flock of sheep he runs. They scuttle right and left as hounds come up, but "Long Harry" is safe. The smell of the sheep has completely spoiled the scent.

Beaten, yet cheerful, you gather together in a perspiring and panting group to discuss where to draw next. A gorse-covered hillock is decided upon and a move made towards it. Reaching it, hounds are put through and discover a hare at home. Yelps go up, whips crack, and Yoicks! Yoicks! Away!

You are on the trail again. Legs move hard to keep up with the pack, and away in front thuds the brown one. You now discover a pretty young lady "running in your pocket," and a fresh delight is added. Topping a rise, through the hedge "Long Harry" goes. You reach the hedge, scramble over it somehow, anyhow, so long as you get there, and help over your companion—delicious task.

Down the slope you go together, land nimbly over the brook; another wild hedge-scramble, and you race on over heavy ploughed land, the keen air cutting your face and giving vigour to every stride. A merry laugh goes up from your companion as you stumble, clutch wildly at the air, and recover by a miracle.

Ahead sounds a wild shouting, and a party of school boys, having turned your quarry up a lane, join in the chase.

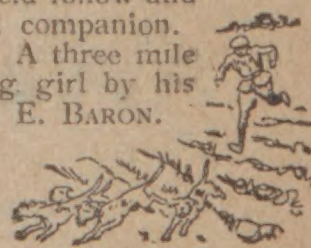
Now luck is dead against him. Turning sharp round a bend, he almost runs into a herd of cows going to be milked. The drover, hearing the commotion behind him, has stopped, wondering whatever on earth is the matter. Round the bend swings "Long Harry," and then he understands.

With a wild and ear-splitting war-whoop, he frightens the heart out of your hare, who stops short. Fatal error! Down on him swoop the beagles, and his merry days are over.

One by one you arrive on the scene and discuss laughingly incidents of the run and then the order for home is given.

The beagles lead the way, the field follow and you are left with your delightful companion.

What more can a man want? A three mile walk to home, with a fascinating girl by his side.



E. BARON.

JUST WRITE IT DOWN



BOXING GLOVES.

The greatest trouble with boxing gloves is that they get foul-smelling with sweat. This is not so bad with those that have a ventilator in the palm, but all have the failing more or less.

You can't wash them; that would put the hair stuffing all out of shape. The best thing is to powder the insides of them with French chalk—the same as bicycle valve tubes are stored in. This should be done preferably just before you put on the gloves for use. The chalk will

absorb the sweat, and will keep your hands from getting clammy as well as saving the gloves.

Another tip is to put the gloves out on the window-sill sometimes to give them an airing. Nothing takes away the sweaty smell so quickly as a gust of fresh air.

When the outside of the glove gets dirty, just sponge it with a damp cloth.

I have known men apply brown polish to Cape gloves, but that is nasty on the face; some even pipeclay chamois gloves, which makes them very rough and irritating to the skin if you happen to get a brush across the cheek. The sponging does no harm, but you have to be careful not to wet the gloves more than you can help.

WHY I AM HAPPY.

I have to work hard enough for my living, but I'm happy all the same.

I remember the time when I wasn't. I was not unwell, but I was without any feeling of vim. A chum took up physical culture, and I was induced to do it too.

The result is that now I don't just live but enjoy every hour of my life—off hours especially.

I can't afford any of the rich man's recreations, but I have a good pair of legs beneath me to carry me whither I will, and there isn't any charge for looking at the beauty of the trees and the roads which lie just outside the town.

You can be happy without being rich.

CYCLE NUTS.

Some men are always having trouble with the nuts on their cycles, and in most cases it is their own fault and not that of the manufacturer.

You can't beat the key which is specially made to fit each of the nuts on your machine, but even in using it you have to be judicious. Before you begin to turn the nut at all, see that the key is pushed right home. If it is only over the edge of the nut, it will slip, probably damaging the nut, and most likely hurting your hand as well.

Though the fitted key is handiest and best, there will be occasions when it is not available and when you have consequently to use the more old-fashioned spanner.

Here, as before, you must be cautious. Remember that the tooth of the spanner which is nearest the point is really part and parcel of the handle; thus it is much stronger than the other tooth, which is adjustable.

When you use a spanner, see that the greatest pressure comes on its strongest tooth. It isn't difficult if you remember this: always have the spanner teeth pointing in the direction you are pressing. If you are screwing a nut downwards, have the spanner pointing downwards, and vice versa.

This will help to prevent the spanner from slipping off the nut, and, if the nut is stiff, there will be less danger of injuring the spanner itself.

TIE PINS.

I don't like to see a man toffed up, though I must say I am always as well dressed as I can afford to be. I spend my money in having my suits made of rather better stuff than usual, and not in adding an extra half-inch to the height of my collars.

There is one little bit of foppery, however, in which I do indulge. I call it foppery, because it isn't a necessary part of dress and is just worn for its effect. It is a tie pin.

The first tie pin I ever wore was a brass thing with a blue bead for a head. My sister used to buy a card of them at a time, and she called them lace pins. I believe they cost her something under a penny apiece. Anyhow one looked jolly well in a plain tie.

But I gave that up. It was only an imitation of a turquoise, and because it was an imitation it was more or less vulgar.

After that I used to look longingly in the windows of the jewellers' shops at elaborate pins with several different stones set in them. My fancy ran to elaborate designs, for I was only a boy then, and I used to wish somebody would give me one for a birthday present, because I couldn't afford to buy one.

At last somebody did, but it wasn't an elaborate pin but just a plain gold horse-shoe. It was real gold, and I've had it for years, and it looks as well as ever.

If anyone is thinking of starting wearing a tie pin I'd recommend him to have a gold horse-shoe. You can get them in some places for about five shillings, and they set off a tie wonderfully without being vulgar or obtrusive.

It isn't difficult to fix a tie pin so that it won't come out, but you must go the right way about it.

When you put it in your tie, it ought to show only the head and a quarter-of-an-inch of the stem below; but in the narrow end of the tie you must thrust it through and through till it is so firm that it can't slip out.

Fixed thus, it won't trouble you.

WHATS MINE?—WATER.

Some time ago I found I was drinking more liquor than was good for me, and I made up my mind to cut it. I am not a crank of any kind, but I don't believe in letting even a good thing get the mastery of me.

The first day without my accustomed few glasses was very uncomfortable. I felt there was something missing. I wasn't hungry, but I had a sort of physical discomfort that was akin to hunger.

Then, luckily for me, I decided to have a glass of water. After that I didn't feel the need of something stronger. Since then I have drunk water in large quantities, consuming about six glassfuls a day, apart from what I drink at meals, and I don't feel I want liquor, though I take my glass of that for company's sake when I am in company.

I thought at first I should never be able to give up liquor; it seemed necessary to my comfort. All I was really requiring was a drink, not an alcoholic stimulant, and I find that water meets my needs, saves my purse, and does no damage to my health or my work.

I recommend the drinking of plenty of water to any man who feels that liquor is getting the better of him. It is an easier and more certain cure than the exercising of what is called your will power, or the reading of volumes of tracts.

A GUINEA FOR A PARAGRAPH.

Send us a bright paragraph, something about your own personal interests, something that a man will want to read. If it is the best sent in during any one week, the guinea is yours.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 is. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. E. Tutty, 77, Glebe Street, Penarth, Wales, for "A Sporting Event."

THE MANLY PIPE.

In smoking, the main thing is the smoke, but appearance counts for something too.

If a man's upper lip has a tendency to overhang his lower one, a heavy pipe with a curved stem is just the thing to make his defect more obvious to everybody and to pull his protruding lip still further over.

If, on the other hand, he smoked a pipe with a straight stem, he would naturally keep his underjaw out, so that the pipe might be more or less horizontal. Doing this would in time give both jaws the same prominence and would therefore make him better looking.

A small pipe looks very effeminate, and so does one with a lot of fancy silver work and amber about it.

The manly pipe is the briar, preferably with a plain vulcanite mouthpiece and no silver mounting. With a fair sized bowl and the root nicely seasoned to a rich brown, such a pipe cannot be beaten, either for look or for sweet smoking.

A SPORTING EVENT.

One day recently a well-known sporting character called on me and, holding up his finger to indicate silence, whispered: "Meet me to-morrow morning at the corner *without fail!*"

Being more or less of a sport myself, I knew there must be something extra in view and made up my mind not to miss it on any account.

It wanted but a few minutes to the appointed time next morning, when the old sport and a few friends appeared on the scene with a couple of ferocious Irish terriers. I was then informed that in a certain yard not far off there was a large water-otter that had been in captivity a few days and that the dogs were to be let loose which meant a fight to the death.

We adjourned to the yard, in the centre of which stood a large barrel, bottom uppermost with a rope attached ready to pull over, so as to release the otter. We had taken the precaution of having a stick or weapon of some kind in case the otter came our way, and we also mounted some boxes that were at hand, so as to give the dogs more room.

When all was ready the dogs were let loose and the barrel was pulled over. Imagine our surprise to find the dogs merely sniff around the barrel and then around the yard. First we thought the captive had escaped, but on approaching the barrel very carefully, we found the water-otter to be nothing but an old kettle.

Fortunately for himself, the perpetrator of the joke was not to be found for a week or two afterwards.

THE MAN WHO WHISTLES.

If we whistled more, this would be a merrier world.

Why should we leave whistling to the butcher's boy and the telegraph messenger? don't say it would be pleasant if everybody whistled and whistled badly, but the man who whistles a lot soon gets to do it well, and these whistles like it rather than otherwise.

But it isn't them I'm thinking of; it's the man himself.

I whistle at my work unless it's extra hard and it's wonderful how the melody seems to lighten the labour.

I whistle when I go out on my bicycle, and I often do that after dark, the country is very quiet and the sound of my whistling rings amongst the trees and is softened and intensified till it is almost real music.

More than once I have set the birds hard at it in rivalry with my tune, long after they have stopped singing for the day.

Whistling is a kind of music you can always have at hand, for you don't need any instrument. It drives care away, and I believe it is good for the lungs.

It gives you something to do with your lips as well, and keeps you from smoking more than you've had enough.

Just try it for yourself.

KERNAHAN, of the KING'S OWN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.
By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

Even a trooper of that famous and amply titled Territorial force, — The King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Imperial Yeomanry, — occasionally gets a fit of the blues, and Trooper Kernahan, feeling his mental pulse, discovered that this malady had fallen upon him in a complicated form. Yet this was strange, seeing that "Kerny" was the most cheerful spirit ever bumped off a cab-trained cavalry horse. He was more or less handsome, successful in small affairs of the heart, and of such "swagger" that on dark nights he was saluted by his best friends as an officer of the Blankshires Squadron "B."

The third morning's consecutive drizzle had passed over Brynhilton, a bleak little township perched on the eastern lip of England and apparently selected as a venue for the annual training by the authorities, to discourage all further enthusiasm in Yeomanry work.

With the day's manoeuvres, dryer (in one sense) than usual, night in a place that boasted but one street, and ragged wind swept cliffs, could not be hailed with joy. Therefore Trooper Kernahan, lighting some damp tobacco, prayed for solace at the altar of Saint Nicotine.

The muggy shades of the usual English early spring evening had long since fallen over the Yeomanry encampment on the gorse-patched Brynhilton common, when Lieutenant Belgrave, a tall fair-haired young man, renowned for his total incapacity for independent command, groped his way up the lines in search of Kernahan's tent—a strange proceeding on the part of an officer.

A light glimmered ahead of him through the flap of a tent and a voice, unmistakably Kernahan's, was humming a stave from "H.M.S. Pinafore." Belgrave tapped with his riding whip.

Dear old Sergt. Major Brighton has perfected discipline in "B" Squadron. Kernahan sprang up to immediate attention, dropping a well-beloved briar without hesitation.

"Cut that, old chap!" said Belgrave wearily. "Damn it! This isn't a bally inspection."

Now Kernahan had enjoyed the distinction of sharing a study and a dormitory with Lieutenant Belgrave at a big public school. The profits on his father's excellent beer had pushed Belgrave into the King's Own as an officer. Military enthusiasm, and a berth yielding thirty shillings a week, resulted in Archibald Harris Kernahan — trooper.

Kernahan invited Belgrave to take a seat on the one wicker lounge chair the tent boasted, and a whisky and soda placed the conversation on a firm, friendly footing. Belgrave accepted a proffered cigarette, and puffed thoughtfully for some minutes. He had failed to find any charm in the bland patronage of the Officers' Mess. Kernahan adversely criticised Brynhilton in lurid and unmistakable language. They were both utterly miserable.

"I've got it!" Walter Belgrave exclaimed at length. "Arise—Lieutenant Kernahan!"

There was a touch of the old school war spirit in Belgrave's voice.

"What's the game, Wally?" Kernahan rapped out instinctively. They had engineered many a successful orchard robbery in the old days.

Belgrave outlined his plan of campaign. He was a subscriber to the North Blankshire Fox-



hounds, of which Sir Hubert Barcham of Brynhilton Hall was Master. Why not spend a cheery evening in that hospitable country house, with possibly a game of cards?—and begad, there were a couple of fine girls too!

Light dawned on Kernahan. No self-respecting lieutenant could introduce a trooper as his friend to a starchy old baronet. Now the difference is but slight between the smart "blue and yellow" uniform of the officers and that of the troopers of the Blankshires. Kernahan already boasted additional decoration in the form of the "Cross Guns" for shooting. To attach a couple of

moveable collar crests belonging to Belgrave was easy.

"You see, this is my last camp, old man," said Belgrave. "I shall be sorry to leave the boys, for I flatter myself that they like me. But Colonel Blenkinsop's orders to me this morning, though they fairly oozed with official phrases, could have been fairly translated into 'Take your confounded men where you like and conduct your own totally useless operations in your own inimitable, blighted manner!'"

He paused and thought hard.

"We'll have a trap from the 'Checkers,'" he said finally, "and drive over half an hour from now. I'll send you a little of the necessary make-up by orderly. Groom yourself well and for the love of Heaven, old boy, try to bring a little credit on the officers of the Territorial Army—they need it!"

Twenty minutes later Kernahan swung past the guard, well cloaked, and wearing an officer's peak "forage" cap supplied by Belgrave. He sharply raised his riding whip in answer to the salute and headed over the common in the direction of the "Checkers."

II.

A bent backed retainer took charge of their horse and trap at the white gates of Brynhilton Hall and Sir Hubert, a grey whiskered fire-eater (and old port drinker), welcomed them with a loud voice and evident sincerity.

"Don't apologise. I'm pleased to see you. Lieutenant Kernahan, I'm proud to make your acquaintance—yes, proud, sir! I've known volunteer officers, I tell you, who are perfect gentlemen—perfect gentlemen! You're lucky. Just in time for dinner. Soup now coming in and our cook's worth a king's ransom. Yes, you'll find the girls in the drawing-room. You must do the introducing, Wally. I'm too old for that sort of thing." He walked heavily into the dining-room.

"You're all right!" hissed Belgrave to his supposed brother officer. "Don't get nervous!"

This was totally unnecessary advice. Kernahan had not turned a hair or blushed. Ever an excellent actor, he was certainly not likely to do either.

The dinner was all that Sir Hubert had predicted, and the evening which had promised so little to Kernahan yielded a lot.

Belgrave said but little. He leant back in his chair during the walnuts and sherry, simply nodding his head when appealed to and silently admiring the most accomplished of artists at the game of bluff—"Lieutenant" Archibald Kernahan.

The conversation turned to hunting, naturally enough. Kernahan, who had certainly read a lot about the Quorn, compared them with the Belvoir, entering on a dissertation about hounds in general and the Quorn pack in particular.

"You're keen, sir," said Sir Hubert admiringly. "That's what I like to see in a young man. You're a man, sir, not an effeminate boy with yellow gloves and pink socks!"

Belgrave blushed deeply before the laughing eyes of the girls and a witty comment of Kernahan's. He wore such atrocities in hose that he was popularly nicknamed "Socks" by all his best friends.

"Why hang it," Sir Hubert continued. "It's a pity you fellows can't cut the soldiering to-morrow—"

"It's a very slack day, Sir Hubert," said Belgrave, darting a slightly malicious glance at Kernahan who, he thought, had made a lot of unnecessary humour out of the pink sock incident. Belgrave knew what was coming, but his friend saw only visions of a tête-à-tête with Miss Norah Barcham.

"Could you get to Brynhilton Abbey by half-past eleven?" asked Norah, smiling.

"Rather!" said Kernahan warmly.

"Well, the North Blankshire meet there to-morrow, my boy!" exclaimed Sir Hubert delightedly, while Kernahan cursed his folly. "You and I shall show 'em all the way!"

"Kernahan, I know, will be only too glad of a day. Never met a chap so keen on hunting," Belgrave put in, hastily. The "Lieutenant" marked his appreciation of the last remark by kicking him hard under the table.

"But I haven't got a civilian rig-out with me!" Kernahan exclaimed. Considering the triumph he felt over this remark, his substitution of a tone of contrition was a work of histrionic art.

"I've never heard that the King's uniform was barred from any hunt yet, sir, and it certainly shall not be excluded from the North Blankshire while I'm Master!" said Sir Hubert enthusiastically.

Retreat was impossible now.

"I shall be there, sir!" said Kernahan.

* * * * *

"Have you ever been hunting, Archie?" asked Lieutenant Belgrave, as they drove along the dark road to the "Checkers."

"Once!" Kernahan replied grimly.

They drove on in silence for some distance.

"But old Peacock can jump a house—and I'm not afraid!" he added.

III.

Peacock, a hunter who had fallen from his high estate, was an old chestnut veteran who had seen many a Yeomanry training with various members of "B" Squadron.

Mounted on this noble patriarch, who had been given an extra "doing," Archibald Harris Kernahan, accompanied by Lieutenant Belgrave, turned up punctual to time for the last meet that season of the North Blankshire Foxhounds.

A fair field had turned out for the final run, and Norah Barcham, looking a picture on a cobby bay was the first to greet them.

Hounds, she said, were going to draw the home coverts first, to tackle a fox that had beaten them four times. The huntsman had drafted fourteen couple of such knowing stock, that he reckoned on capturing Reynard's brush this time. Sir Hubert had already cleared a space for his mask in the reception hall.

"If we're not in at the death I think I shall die!" Norah confided to Archie.

They found almost immediately. A cheery whimper among the willows, and hounds went right away on a strong scent. At the first sound of the well-remembered music old Peacock pounded along like a good 'un. All Archie had to do was to let him have his head, giving Norah a lead over the fences.

"Confound it!" exclaimed a ginger moustached young man, addressed by all the ladies as "Gerald." "Is Miss Barcham going to ride in that bouncer's pocket all day?"

It was a stiff country quite of the "cut-me-down" type described by the immortal Jorrocks, and the old customer was leading the field a merry dance over ditches and hedgerows.

There was no time for opening gates, and the



party soon dwindled down to the accomplished performers. To the chagrin of several "bloodes" and the surprise of himself, Kernahan was still "there"!

There was a momentary check and the aristocratic Gerald Crawley was heard to remark that the fox had taken a line for Holton Hangers—for a pony! Now this is the most difficult country in the district. A couple of hounds gave tongue. Holton Hangers it was!

The Hon. Gerald Crawley, on a beautiful hunter, was soon bang in front. He could see this meant the downfall of the "military bouncer" whose horse was obviously blown.

But the spirit of the olden time was on Peacock. He pricked up his ears and was away with the best of them. Crawley led Kernahan over a particularly stiff fence—and there was a challenge in his eyes.

Well, the honour of the King's Own was involved. Kernahan put Peacock straight at it. He took off too soon. . . It was a bad spill!

"Paid for catching my horse—sixpence," Kernahan quoted dreamily from the immortal Jorrocks as he sank into oblivion.

* * * * *

Kernahan woke to consciousness in a spare bedroom of Brynhilton Hall. He had no need to ask where he was, for Norah Barcham, Sir Hubert, Belgrave, and a doctor were standing by his bedside. His head weighed a ton, and he could not lift it. His limbs ached.

"Nasty purler," he muttered incoherently. "Did you kill?"

"Ah! He's all right," said the doctor, satisfied.

"The fox was lucky, like you—he's still alive, my brave boy!" Sir Hubert remarked. "Fancy trying Beecher's Fence on a beaten horse!"

Poor Belgrave was suffering far greater agonies than Kernahan. What should he say to the Colonel, who was dining with Sir Hubert that evening, by special invitation? There was nothing now but to make a clean breast of it on his arrival.

Fate, however, took the matter out of Belgrave's hands. Sir Hubert was the first to receive Colonel Blenkinsop.

"We nearly killed one of your officers to-day!" he blurted out.

The Colonel was evidently mystified.

"My friend—Lieutenant Kernahan!" Belgrave explained, looking his superior officer straight in the eyes. Now the Colonel was an old campaigner, and had learnt to betray surprise at nothing.

"Really?" he said.

Of course there was no holding the enthusiasm of Sir Hubert, who thereupon launched into a brilliant and exaggerated description of the whole affair.

"Gad, sir!" said Sir Hubert in conclusion, "he's a credit to his uniform!"

The Colonel, accurately reading a glance from Belgrave, understood all things. He had often spoken of his school-chum in the ranks.

"I am resigning after camp, sir," Belgrave said firmly in an undertone, and the Colonel nodded solemnly.

They found the patient sitting up in bed taking light refreshment from the hands of Norah.

"Good evening—er—Lieutenant Kernahan," Colonel Blenkinsop said, not unkindly.

Kernahan blinked, but made no reply. He also had learnt the value of silence.

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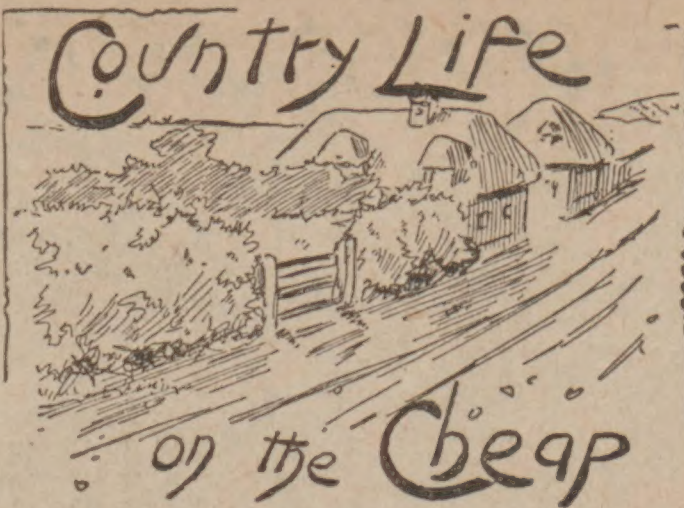
Three days later, a trap stood at the white gates of Brynhilton Hall.

"You must come and see us again soon—Archie," said Norah, bidding him farewell.

He grasped her outstretched hand, perhaps a little too tightly.

"I sail for Australia next month," he said. "I'm sorry." There was a queer catch in his voice. The groom whipped up and drove off.

Australia? That was a lie of course—but was Australia further removed from her than the humdrum life to which he was returning? It was the hardest—but the only way!



GOOD TIMES FOR THE BACHELOR.

I should have begun a long time ago if I'd known how to lead the life of a country gentleman on an income of £80 a year. I didn't, but I have now discovered the method and, as it must interest all modern men, it shall be divulged.

When you have been earning and spending £500 a year, and suddenly without a word of warning drop down to nothing a week, it is apt to make you sit up and think. That was my case. When the blow fell, I had about £50 in hand. I was a bachelor (still am) with no debts or other encumbrances.

The first thing was to get away from bachelor haunts—in other words, town life. It is impossible to live in a city and not spend money, odd coppers are constantly going without any adequate return.

So I got away to the country. I had never been in the country before, and I feared I should be bored with it, but I knew I should save money and gain health, and sure enough I have.

I'm living in one of the most sporting counties of England. How many packs of hounds are centred here I cannot say but they simply abound. I don't say you can hunt often on £80 a year; I won't pretend that it is possible at all, but at the old Hall where I am now living all the other sports an Englishman is prone to may be enjoyed free.

It is an old mansion standing in a park of 75 acres, built 700 years ago and in a wonderful state of repair. There are a couple of lakes wherein they who will may fish, there is some rough shooting of 500 acres, with pheasants, partridges, and rabbits galore, the summer games are all possible, and the village football club will welcome you as a player or a spectator.

A very well-known pack often meets in the grounds, and if you cannot raise a nag your bicycle will give you most of the fun of the follow.

Then when you get back at the close of the run, you have a bath and join the merry throng of people round the big wood fire in the fine open grate. You have tea and a cigarette, the post leaves you a paper or two and perhaps a letter as well, someone plays an old air on the piano, or sings a modern ballad, you have a game of billiards before dinner, and a rubber of bridge before going to bed.

You retire to your bedroom of old oak and sleep the sleep of the just, and on the morrow you commence again the good old game of sport.

"And do you get anything to eat?" I hear some one ask, and to that inquiry I observe that for a payment of 25s. per week, or £65 per year, you obtain four good meals every day, in addition to a fine bedroom of your own, and the use of the billiard room and all other privileges.

Any man with brains can earn 30s. a week even in the country; an article a week on sporting topics will yield me this.

But where is the place? I am not going to spoil things by having a rush upon it, but there are many others such. If you covet the life, look in the advertising columns of the sporting papers, and visit one or two before you fix up.

A. PHILLIPS.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEA.

*My soul is full of longing,
For the secret of the sea.*—LONGFELLOW.

As soon as a ship leaves the usual lanes of traffic, she may founder or be wrecked and the world may never learn the cause of the disaster.

Take the case of the brig *Marie Celeste*, which sailed into the Strait of Gibraltar with all sails set and without a soul aboard. Evidently the crew had left her suddenly, for a half-finished meal still remained on the table, but why they had done so remains a mystery, for there was no sign of the ship having struck anything.

The only possible explanation is suggested by a comparison with the case of the *Dumfriesshire* which entered a bay in New Caledonia under similar circumstances. Weeks later it was discovered that she struck an uncharted coral reef, and, her condition appearing hopeless, the crew had taken to the boats. They were rescued by a passing steamer and brought safely to port, while the vessel they had left was lifted from the reef by the rising tide, to sail on little the worse for the accident.

Another remarkable case was the beaching of a hull on the Azores. The rigging was completely gone, but the timbers of the vessel were sound. When it was boarded, the discovery was made from the log in the cabin that the ship had been deserted fifty years previously in the Arctic regions where it had become fixed in the ice; the captain stated that he and his crew were about to seek land by making a perilous journey across the ice floes.

It is inconceivable that this hull could have been floating about for fifty years without being sighted. The probability is that it had remained fixed in the ice most of the time.

Even in the English Channel it is possible for a ship to go to its doom unobserved by a living soul. Some few years ago the *Bervie Castle* sailed from London, bound for Australia. She was due to call at Plymouth, but she never touched that port, nor has she appeared at any other.

Somehow or another she must have foundered, but there is no evidence of the disaster except her absence. Somewhere between the Straits of Dover and Plymouth she vanished, and no vessel sighted her after she passed Folkestone, although the course she should have followed is traversed by many ships.

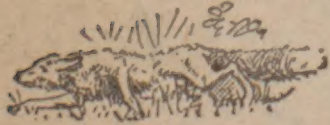
Last year we had the case of the *Nicaragua*, which on June 8th left the port of Norfolk for America for Dublin. She has not been seen again. She was laden with phosphate and it is supposed that her cargo may have taken fire spontaneously. Still, if that were the case, it is marvellous that not a spar of wreckage was picked up.

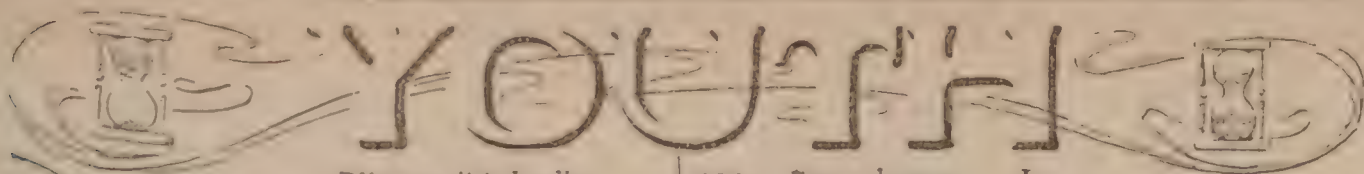
Derelicts, icebergs and hidden rocks—these explain most of the mysterious disappearances of ships. In mid-Atlantic, for example, there is the Virgin Rock which has a pinnacle rising from the sea bottom and coming to within twelve feet of the surface. It is always covered by the sea, and, as it is quite out of sight of land, it is impossible for a navigator to be certain of its whereabouts. On this rock alone dozens of ships have had their bottoms ripped out.

The tragedy of a missing vessel is accentuated by the uncertainty. After all it may turn up, and the hearts of all related to the crew or passengers are racked with constant suspense.

The *Afghanistan* a year or two ago left San Francisco for Liverpool. She was a sailing ship, and encountered such unfavourable winds that it took her exactly seven months to complete the journey; long before that she had been given up for lost.

The case most often cited, however, is that of the *Pym* which was unheard of for five and a half months till she berthed at Tokio; then she disappeared from mortal ken for a second period of six months. On both occasions she was given up for lost, and each time news of her arrival just as the notice was being prepared for her posting at Lloyd's. J. M. CHAMBERS.





Bliss was it to be alive,
But to be young was very
heaven!—WORDSWORTH.

A friend and I were waiting for our train in a big London station one Saturday afternoon. He, like myself, was a man of middle age.

The crowd in a London terminus at such a time is different from what you will see on any other occasion.

All the drabness has gone. The over-worked and underpaid clerk, instead of giving a tone to the whole assembly, is now so much in the minority that you do not observe him.

Here is a golfer, scratching the concrete floor with his ridiculous, tacketed shoes. There is a party of citizen soldiers, on their way to some distant range for rifle practice; whatever they may have been during the week, they are full-blooded men now—with the donning of their uniforms they have put on a dashing spirit and assumed a generous outlook on life.

My friend and I waited, three young men containing, I suppose, an athletic outfit for the football game at the cross-country run.

They were laughing together, and laughing loudly than the merit of the jests demanded, for their spirits were high in anticipation of their sport, and they were ready to laugh at little. Sometimes one would jostle another with his shoulder in boisterous play.

HIS SUMMING UP.
I was looking at them, for I was thinking, and my friend, seeing that I was observing them, looked at them also. His decision came quickly.

"Fools!" he said.
That was the verdict that many a middle-aged man would have passed upon them. I could think them fools also. It would be for my peace of mind if I could.

"Fools!" I wish I were such a fool!
Oh, to be young again! Oh, to have dreams and dreams!
I have been successful—not in writing, perhaps, for that is only a hobby with me, but I made a substantial competence in my business. I have money enough now to buy the things I used to long for when I was a young man. Many of these things I have bought, but I do not enjoy them.

Why? I have no longer the enthusiasm of youth. These are only what your mind makes them; in themselves they are nothing.

ALTERED VIEWS.
When I was a young man I longed for a horse. Then a horse seemed to me the embodiment of muscular and physical vigour. I longed to possess and control such an animal, feeling that in it I realised the higher vigour that lurked within me, feeling that I had beneath me the physical strength that my mind justified.

Now a horse is to me only a beast that smells strongly and costs a good deal to keep.

The only pleasure that riding gives me is that it brings back my thoughts to my youthful ambitions. In itself it is to me nothing.

In my younger days I worked for a miserable wage, but I dreamt of prosperity to come. Now I have reached a higher financial prosperity than I ever conceived—but I would throw it all away if only I could be young again.

How young?
I would not be a boy, for my boyhood was

none too happy. I would, if I could, be a young man of eighteen years or so.

I was young once, and I can recall the time. It is my sweetest memory.

The fresh blood of young manhood was pulsing through me. The world was rosy, for I clothed it with some of my own youthful vigour.

Now it is a place where men sacrifice their finer feelings for money; where women seek nothing but social advancement.

I had my sorrows in young manhood. I remember how I burned with indignation at the injustice of the world about me, at man's inhumanity to man.

THEN AND NOW.

Now I have philosophy. I have meditated upon the problems of life. I have convinced myself that we live in an imperfect world, that men are self-seeking, that women are fickle and faithless. I am prepared to take the human race as I find them, without cavilling—but without enthusiasm.

Nothing that men can do will ruffle or surprise me to-day, because my heart is dead, because I do not expect much of them. I have reached a state of philosophical quietude. I take things as they come, without protest, without indignation at men or at fate.

How different from my mental outlook between eighteen and twenty-three! Then my mind was a volcano. I had no peace, no calm, but I had youth and enthusiasm.

Would I give up the philosophy that has explained to me the problems of everyday life? Would I throw aside the quietness of middle age and re-enter the storms of youth?

A thousand times yes, if I could do so!

Would I live my life again?

The question is unfair. Which of us would repeat our lives if we knew what was in store?

THE HIDDEN FUTURE.

If I were to be transported back to youth, surely it would be with an ignorance of what was to come. God in His mercy hides the future from us, and, if I had to live my life again, surely He would do that in my case also.

Grant me youth, and I am prepared to throw my money, hardly made, and my philosophy, reached after much mental pain, to the winds. The poorest man of eighteen—if he has health—is richer by far than the millionaire of forty-five.

Why do I say these things?

Not to add to the burden of years which sit already sufficiently hard upon the man of middle age, but to induce the young man to enjoy his youth while he has it—not foolishly or wickedly, for the price paid for folly and wickedness is too great—but innocently. Let him be happy in the present, without longing for the shadowy blessings that the future may hold.

Much evil has been done by the success-mongers—Americans chiefly, and English writers who copy the American style and spirit. They would have every young man slave away his leisure in "improving" himself, as they put it. What would our race be if we laid their advice to heart?

A man improves himself only if he becomes more manly—if he becomes, in fact, a better man; and the only way in which he can do that is to live his life, to take the healthful joys and sports of youth while he can still relish them, for the day will come when he cannot.

Youth is the supreme blessing, and you are young only once.

DAVID COOPER.



TIGER-FIGHTING.

A THRILLING AND DANGEROUS SPORT.

The most exciting sport I ever had was last year in the island of Java.

I was on my way home from China, but I broke my journey at Singapore and crossed over to Batavia to see an old friend who is a coffee-merchant there. He informed me that he was on the point of setting out for Jokjokarta, to see the annual tiger-fight, so I joined him.

This town is about the size of an English country market-town, but it has a native Sultan of its own, and his one object in life is the getting up of this annual spree.

On the outskirts of the town is a large enclosure, and here the natives and visitors had assembled.

The actual fighting men were ranged in a hollow square, leaving a space in the middle about as big as a football pitch. They stood three deep, each armed with a spear. Behind them stood a dense mass of natives, some mounted on empty boxes so as to see better.

In the centre of the square were nine wooden cages, each containing a live tiger.

They were very genuine, man-eating, no-sham sort of tigers too, for they had all been recently caught in the jungle.

The catching is done by the young natives; fine, strapping chaps some of them were too—not much removed from the savage, perhaps, but brave as lions.

Weeks before the great fight they go into the jungle, rig up a huge wooden trap, bait it, and pull down a hinged door when the tiger enters.

Some of the young Dutch officials were in the fighting line, and by a little bribery my friend and I persuaded two of the natives in the front rank to let us have their places and spears. Presently the Sultan arrived, and the fun began.

A keeper advanced within the square, opened one of the cages by means of a long rope fixed to the door, and bolted back to safety. But the tiger refused to come out. Another native then approached the cage and fired a revolver, clearing off as fast as his legs would take him.

At this all the nine tigers roared in fury, and the one in the open cage dashed out. He made for the end of the square and tried to force his way out, but he was driven back by a dozen spear points. Then he bolted for another part of the enclosure, but here again he was driven back.

It is not possible to give the reader any idea of the excitement there was in it all. You never knew when he would dash at the place you yourself were guarding, and though you very much wanted him to do so, still you could not forget that your only weapon against this gigantic brute was a long, thin spear.

At his fifth attempt to break out, the tiger got one of his forelegs badly cut, and he returned to the centre of the square somewhat crippled. He rested beside the cages for a little and then made a fresh attack, but by this time he was done out, so a score of men advanced and killed him.

The second made straight for ourselves as soon as he got out, and we both had a dig at him. So the game went on for about two hours, in which time we had settled the accounts of eight of the tigers.

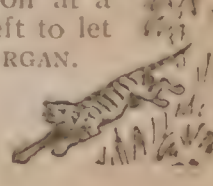
The biggest and most ferocious had been reserved for the last.

I shall never forget the sight as he crept across the square, a very king of the jungle, and the spearmen braced their arms for the final encounter.

But a surprise lay in store for us. Creeping towards the men, he paused a few yards from them. Then he leapt in the air, cleared the triple line of spears and landed amongst the unarmed natives behind.

The shrieks and yells were demoniacal, but fortunately he was thinking more of the forest than of revenge, and he simply made off at a trot, the natives clearing to right and left to let him pass.

E. MORGAN.





COMPLETE SHORT
STORY.

By
EDWARD CARDEW.

I looked upon every man as dishonest, and, what is more, as a personal enemy.

I had come to London a simple and guileless countryman, but ambitious to make my fortune, and I had learned, as most do, that London can prove

herself a cold and hard foster-mother.

The company which had first engaged me went bankrupt in a fortnight's time, and I was in the unhappy position of finding myself out of employment in a city where there were hundreds of others just as anxious for work and just as well qualified.

I had still a couple of pounds, and I was induced by a rascally firm to invest this money in purchasing stock from them which I was to hawk from door to door. My coming down to this method of earning a living will enable you to understand the direness of my need. At length I sold the goods, and returned to the firm; they took the money I had collected, and then invited me to close the door behind me.

Threats and entreaties alike failed to move them; they stuck to my deposit, and refused to give me the commission they had agreed upon.

As we had no contract in writing, it was impossible for me to fight them, and so I found myself on one particular evening walking the streets of London with hunger and resentment rampant within me.

Had I traversed the poorer quarters I should doubtless have been comforted, or at least have been made to feel resigned, by the sight of poverty no less terrible than my own; but some evil fate induced me to wander in the fashionable thoroughfares that run to the west of Bond-Street.

There, with wealth on every side of me; the unhappiness of my own lot was magnified, if that were possible.

Uniformed servants stood on doorsteps blowing whistles for hansom; electric broughams stole silently round the corners; men and women in evening dress stepped laughing from the houses to their waiting carriages.

And it seemed to me that all these people were my enemies.

I could have wished them dead, and I justified the sentiment by believing that they were like all the others with whom I had come in contact—dishonest, that the money they spent so lavishly was not rightly theirs.

Such thoughts must I suppose be prompted by some devilish agency. I know that in my case they led me on to crime.

Why, I asked myself should I not break into one of these lordly mansions and supply my needs from their super-abundance? When the idea came, my heart stood still in affright, but presently the scheme appeared less revolting, and the planning of it afforded an almost pleasant diversion.

I seemed to have become less hungry, my feet to have lost their tenderness.

* * * * *

It was twelve o'clock when I came from an alley in which I had lurked for the past two hours. I made my way to a mansion which I had marked down earlier in the evening, walking smartly so that the police might pass me by unsuspectingly.

When I reached the house I found that every light had been extinguished. Down the area steps I slipped, and with my penknife unlatched the window of a scullery.

There were no protecting bars, and I slipped through without

difficulty. There was food everywhere about me, but I could not touch it. My pulses beat, my mouth felt dry, and my one desire was to get my work done and depart.

Making my way to a back staircase I entered the hall of the mansion. Several doors stood shut before me, but to the left there was one slightly ajar. I would try this first, for I was fearful lest the sound of opening the others might arouse some light sleeper.

Crossing the hall, I pushed the door a little farther open and entered what appeared, in the faint light coming from the stars, to be a library.

Here I knew I should not be likely to find valuables, and I was on the point of retiring to explore elsewhere when I observed the body of a man lying beside the fireplace.

I was only an amateur criminal, and the instinct of humanity was stronger within me than that of robbery. Without a moment's hesitation I dropped upon my knees beside the man on the floor, and, striking a match, looked at his face.

There was a bullet hole between his eyes, and the blood was flowing from it over the rug.

His right hand still held a sabre, one part of which was also stained with blood, but whether his own or that of the man who shot him I had no means of finding out.

I placed my hand upon his heart, and it seemed to me that there was still a faint flutter of animation, so I drew my handkerchief from my pocket and attempted to stanch the bleeding; but my efforts were in vain, and even as I placed my handkerchief to his brow I saw that his limbs were stiffening.

The man was dead.

Then the horror of my situation came upon me in all its force.

Here I had made a burglarious entry into a house and was in this room alone with a murdered man. What jury would doubt that I had killed him?

Stealing silently from the room, I crossed the hall to the front door, which to my surprise was standing a few inches open. Passing out, I drew it to behind me and hurried down the street.

I was afraid to run, and it seemed to be hours till I reached Oxford Circus. There I paused beneath a lamp and examined my clothes. On one knee was a spot of blood where I had knelt down on the sodden carpet.

I hurried on to where I knew there was a drinking fountain, and there I washed off what would be regarded as the evidence of my guilt.

This done, I considered I was out of immediate danger, and, making my way to the Embankment, I spent the rest of the night on one of the seats there.

In the morning the newspaper bills announced that a ghastly murder had been committed in the West-End.

I could not afford to buy a paper, so I went to the public library in St. Martin's-Lane and there I read the accounts of the murder which had been done by another hand than mine.

Substantially the various reports were the same, and the following of which I have since obtained a copy may be taken as typical:

"MURDER IN THE WEST-END.

"Sir Reginald Dixon was yesterday cruelly murdered at his residence. There is evidence to show that some burglar forced his way in by an area window, and it is supposed that Sir Reginald interrupted him while he was ransacking the library.

"The baronet was found by his servants

lying dead on the floor, shot through head.

"Beside him was a handkerchief, on which appeared a laundry mark and which the police hope will prove a valuable clue. There were also a number of finger marks on the library door, and on the glass of the area window. No arrest has so far been made, but one is expected hourly."

I have sometimes thought that if the police were wise they would have all the newspapers in public reading rooms watched after a murder, for there will probably be found the murderer reading with fevered interest the account of his crime. For my own part, even though I was innocent, I never read anything that so held my interest as that bald intimation.

I felt certain that the laundry would supply the desired information, and the evening papers proved me right, for in them it was announced that the name of the murderer was Arthur Hammond.

"This man," said one of the papers, "has now left his previous lodgings, and is believed to be wandering about the streets of London. It will therefore take some time for the police to find him, but as he is in very low water, it is scarcely possible that he will be able to leave town."

It was all too true. My only way of leaving London would have been to tramp out by road, and, my circumstances being known, it was only to be expected that every highway would be watched.

It is impossible for me to give you any real conception of the horror through which I passed during the succeeding week.

Unlike the professional criminal I had no sympathetic friends to whom I might fly for shelter. I was on my own resources, and I may add, at the end of them. My nights I spent by the docks, crouching beside a pile of wood and trembling with fear as I heard the step of a passing constable. During the day I slunk about back streets, and only when the pangs of hunger became intolerable did I venture to sell a few boxes of matches to the passers-by.

And through it all there was the fascination of the public library.

Life was becoming intolerable and I was seriously contemplating giving myself up to the police in order that I might obtain peace of mind one way or the other, when I read the following brief announcement in the evening paper:

"DISCOVERY OF SIR R. DIXON'S MURDERER.

"A man named William Gordon was recently admitted to Charing Cross Hospital suffering from a wound in the chest. He alleged at the time of admission that this was due to his falling on a piece of splintered wood, but he has since confessed that his wound was received at the hands of Sir R. Dixon, who in self-defence cut at him with a sabre.

"Yesterday Gordon's condition became hopeless, and before he died he sent for a magistrate, to whom he confessed that he deliberately shot Sir Reginald.

"What connection the handkerchief bearing the laundry mark of Arthur Hammond may have had with the crime, he did not pretend to know. He swore that he was working single-handed and that he had never heard of Hammond in his life."

There and then I set off for Bow-Street, confessed to the police exactly why I had been in Sir Reginald's house, and placed myself entirely in their hands.

I was duly examined by a magistrate, and was sentenced to twenty-four hours' imprisonment for housebreaking, the judge saying that the sentence was a nominal one in consideration of the mental torture I must have undergone.

Since those days my luck has changed, but I am convinced that it was the discovery of the murdered man that turned me, while yet a novice, from the path of crime back once more into that of honesty.

JOCKEYSHIP



THE WHOLE ART AND TROUBLE OF IT.

Great jockeys are few and far between, and the reasons for their dearth are not far to seek.

If it be true, and no doubt it is, that poets are "born not made," it is doubly true of jockeys.

The poet has only to be "born" intellectually, but the jockey must come into this world both physically and mentally equipped by nature for his destined work.

He must be small, though Archer was a tall man, and Mornington Cannon is tall, for a jockey—and he must be of the lean kind of constitution. Nevertheless, he must have a strong constitution, and be anything but puny. The strength of the weight lifting athlete is not needed of him, indeed, would be a fatal drawback, for such men are usually bulky. But he must have considerable muscular strength in his arms and legs, and great nervous energy. Further, in short, must have made him tough.

But, above all, she must have endowed him with, from the racing point of view, the priceless gift of "hands."

THE VALUE OF "HANDS."

And what volumes might not be written about "hands"! What "touch" is to the pianist, the violinist, the surgeon, the artist, "hands" are to the jockey—the almost indefinable something that makes the all important difference between mediocrity and greatness.

A jockey who has good "hands" may succeed, though he be lacking in other points of jockeyship, but no jockey was ever great who had bad "hands." "Hands" are a gift, and that is all there is to be said about them.

Whether courage is a physical or mental virtue is a debatable point. Probably it is partly the one, partly the other; but, whether we place it among his mental or physical attributes, a jockey must have a stout heart.

Will he should be all nerve, he should have no "nerves." This again is to a great extent a natural quality, though unquestionably a timorous lad may by careful training be made bold. Still, pluck either natural or acquired is essential to success as a jockey.

HIS MENTAL OUTFIT.

Turn now to the purely mental qualities of the jockey. I do not say that a jockey need be highly educated, though some of them are well read and accomplished men. But he must have intelligence of no mean order.

He has constantly to show judgment in difficult circumstances. He must be cool, self-reliant, quick to seize an opportunity, and he must know not only horses, but men.

Many a race has been won that otherwise would have been lost by a great jockey knowing the weak spots in his rivals' armour—when to hurry them, where they were weak in horseman-ship and so on.

It is said that Archer won many a race by sheer force of personality and his knowledge of his competitors' characteristics, and unquestionably a jockey, to get to the top of the free, must be a shrewd judge of men as well as of horses. As regards the latter he must be an encyclopædia. He must know the powers

and racing characteristics or habits of almost every horse in training, impossible though the task may seem, and he must know everything about the peculiarities of courses.

Judgment, as has been said, he is constantly called upon to exercise and in trying circumstances. The slightest error of judgment may mean the loss of thousands to his patrons and of reputation to himself. Yet he will often find himself in such a position that whatever he does must be wrong.

A DILEMMA.

For example, he has got badly away, and the time has come for him to make his effort or never.

The horse in the coveted position next the rails is tiring, and as flagging horses do, beginning to draw out from the rails. He determines to make a dash to get past on the inside, but his rival recovers and draws in again; he is hopelessly shut in, and is blamed for not having gone round his horses.

On the other hand, he decides not to risk the dash for the rails position but to go round. His rival on the rails tires still more and draws right out, and he is blamed for having gone round when there was plenty of room on the inside.

Therefore, a jockey has to be a patient man, and able at all times to meet bad luck and unmerited censure with an unruffled temper. But in regard to judgment, perhaps the greatest gift a jockey can possess next to "hands" is the ability to judge the pace at which a race is being run.

JUDGING THE PACE.

Like "hands," knowledge of pace is or certainly seems to be a natural gift; it is the hallmark of the great jockey, and perhaps more races have been lost through bad judgment of pace than from any other cause.

The jockey who is a good judge of pace will snatch an apparently lost race out of the fire; the one who is a bad judge of pace will continue to lose on the most gilt-edged certainty that ever was.

Young or indifferent jockeys are very fond of cutting their finishes too fine. The really great jockey leaves nothing to chance, and if he wins by a short head it is because a short head is the most he can win by.

The bad performer, on the other hand, when he could win by several lengths tries to win by a short head, and frequently loses. Moreover, he generally fails in his usual object of mystifying the handicapper, who is quite capable of detecting his manoeuvres.

Many a race is thrown away by looking round, or taking things too easily at the finish.

These are marks of bad jockeyship, and, although now and then a famous jockey is caught napping, as a rule he is too much of an artist ever to be slovenly or careless in his work.

MATT GIBBS.

NO CURE FOR SWELLED HEAD.

A narrow mind may be broadened by education, but there is no known cure for swelled head.

The man who believes himself about three times as clever as everybody else, will stick to that belief as long as he has a breath left.

Recently a tradesman failed. His shop was not so clean as it might have been, and the prices were too high for the neighbourhood. Small wonder then that when a limited company opened a branch on up-to-date lines across the street, his customers left him in a body. He was particularly conceited about his methods, and it was rather unkind of an acquaintance to say to him after his bankruptcy: "So your system wasn't perfect after all!"

"The system was perfect," he replied. "It was the odds against me. That company consists of scores of men. I am equal to any other two; but not to a hundred!"

"The best thing that can happen to him," mused the visitor when he was out of earshot, "is that his head will swell a little more and burst."

HOAXED.

WHAT EDITORS HAVE TO ENDURE.

The daily paper on which the present writer works, recently received the following telegram from its Nice correspondent:

"Mrs. Blank is lying dangerously ill at her hotel in Mentone."

Now this lady's husband is a prominent statesman, and when he read the telegram in his morning paper he started post haste for Mentone. He had not even heard that his wife was ill, but he supposed that the journal had got its news by a private wire. When he reached the Riviera, however, he found that she was in the best of health.

Every effort was made to fathom the mystery, but the only explanation the Nice correspondent could offer was that the information was given him by a gentleman who represented that he had just come from the lady's hotel.

As a matter of fact there was an important by-election being fought at the time, and Mr. Blank had arranged to speak at a meeting. His departure made this impossible, his great influence was not in the scale, and his side lost by a few votes. It is believed in the office that the false report of his wife's illness was deliberately arranged by political enemies.

A most amusing article appeared in a London morning paper at the time of the Welsh religious revivals; it was entitled "Wales as it is."

The writer of it had been sent down specially from London, because the editor considered the local correspondent not quite fit to do the subject full justice. The correspondent resented the imputation on his literary abilities, and he prepared things artfully for the London man.

The result was that the imported writer of descriptive articles went through a series of experiences that tried his nerve and needed all his vaunted talents to recount. He was lowered down a mine-shaft in a clothes' basket fastened to a rope, and his downward journey consisted of violent jolts, each of which threatened to dislodge him. This, he was gravely informed, was the usual manner in which Welsh miners went down to their work. He had served for breakfast salted garden snails, which he was informed were a popular dish in Wales.

These and other "facts" he duly published.

A friend of mine was the unwitting emancipator of womenkind from the ungainly and uncomfortable bustle.

He had been sent to report a race at Windsor, and was resting in a tavern after his labours, when an old man began to chat with him. In the course of conversation my friend admitted he was a reporter.

"Oh," said the old chap, "then I can tell you something that will do for your paper. The Princess of Wales has stopped wearing the bustle; my daughter's a servant at Sandringham and she told me."

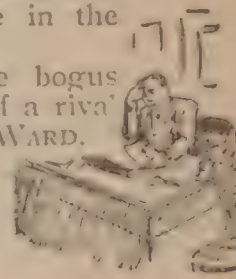
It was discovered afterwards that there was no truth whatever in the statement that the Princess had been seen without a bustle, and the old man in the tavern must have been trying to hoax the Press. When the reports came out, however, this gracious lady seized the opportunity to back them up, and discarded the bustle.

Some years ago a mischievous hoax was perpetrated on a London evening paper, which has since died. A young man with a Scotch accent called at the office and produced a letter which he said he had just received from his native village of Inverduff in Caithness. It told of a phenomenal snowfall, the country being covered three feet deep for miles.

There was a keen frost in London that morning, and this lent colour to the statements in the letter. The paper printed the story as "From our own correspondent," and it was only when the last edition was in the streets that someone looked up a gazetteer and discovered that there was no such place in the country as Inverduff.

It was generally supposed that the bogus letter had been concocted in the office of a rival journal.

L. J. WARD.



MR POTTER'S INNER SELF

COMPLETE SHORT
STORY

By
J. PRESTWICK SHEED.



The hall was rapidly filling up. For half-an-hour and more, smooth-faced old ladies with scanty hair tightly dressed against their brows, had occupied the front seats, and scattered amongst them was a sprinkling of white-haired old gentlemen.

They were the people who made such a gathering as this the event of the week, and, although there would be room for everybody, they took a positive delight in waiting outside for at least an hour before the doors opened just like the people do to get into the theatre.

Across the road a queue had been standing in front of a music-hall, for a matinée was being given that afternoon, and the old ladies and the old gentlemen had plumed themselves on the virtuousness of their purpose, and on the contrast between themselves and the merry throng who waited to get into the music-hall.

Mr. Theodore Potter took a glance at the audience from behind a group of palms and ferns which stood at one end of the platform. The kindly and benevolent expressions on the faces in front of him did not apparently strike him at all; what did strike him was that the audience appeared as unworldly as might be desired; the word that occurred to his mind in connection with them was "soft."

Mr. Theodore Potter waited till five minutes past the hour, to secure the presence and avoid the interruption of those who are habitually late. Then he gave the signal and the party of speakers and distinguished patrons filed out of the ante-room, through amongst the palms and ferns, and ranged themselves upon the chairs that had been placed in a wide semi-circle on the platform.

Mr. Potter was very modest, and though he had the arranging of everything and could have taken what position he liked, he contented himself with a seat considerably behind that of Sir Owen Openshaw, the distinguished chairman.

The speeches delivered would make uncommonly dull reading, so we shall pass them over, but their effect upon the old ladies and the old gentlemen was electrical. The old ladies' eyes danced with delight, and the old gentlemen's moustaches bristled with attention and approval as they listened to the great work that was to be accomplished by the International Society for the Suppression of Evil.

Sir Owen Openshaw in a brief speech showed how poverty would soon become a thing of the past. The Society would be able to relieve every needy case not only in Great Britain but in many foreign countries.

"You, ladies and gentlemen," said the distinguished chairman, "have contributed most generously to the funds of the Society, and you will be delighted to hear that the money in hand now aggregates almost a million sterling. It is the biggest scheme for the suppression of evil that has ever been inaugurated, and I am proud to say that so far it has been the most successful. To Mr. Theodore Potter, your honorary secretary and treasurer, must be attributed most of the undoubted success of the movement."

The old gentlemen took their walking sticks between their knees and gently clapped their hands. The old ladies put their handbags in their laps and did the same. Mr. Theodore

Potter looked at the floor, his lips trembling, as if he had been touched by the compliment to the very point of tears. It was at this moment that the chairman turned round to him and invited him to address the meeting.

When Mr. Potter stepped forward there was round after round of gentle but enthusiastic applause. The old ladies liked to see how much overcome he was by his emotions, and they liked to think that their applause had something to do with it.

Mr. Potter bowed again and again, and finally made a speech which had no reference to figures and small reference to the actual business of the Society. His speech was, in fact, purely emotional.

It appealed to his hearers' indignation, benevolence and self-love alternately, and his audience was consequently carried away with sheer good will. There were other speeches after Mr. Potter's, but none of them had quite as great an effect for none of the other speakers had studied the wiles of oratory so closely.

Why should they? They had not so much at stake in the business.

When the meeting was over, the old ladies rose sorrowfully from their seats. They were sorry that this emotional entertainment was finished.

Mr. Potter formed the sole topic of their remarks. What a kind-hearted person he was, to be sure! And how unassuming!

In business life, and in the newspapers, he was often referred to as a magnate, but the old ladies preferred to describe him as a merchant prince, for there was something eminently respectable and substantial about the word "merchant."

When the old ladies of both sexes reached the door, they found their idol standing there to beam upon them and to shake them by the hand. Mr. Potter's smile and his handshake had been useful assets to him in life. He greeted every friend, and many whom he did not know, as if he had come round to the door specially to see them, and every old lady thrilled with delight as his hand touched hers.

When the audience had dispersed, Mr. Potter returned to the ante-room where the funds that had been collected were transferred to his safe keeping. Then he informed Sir Owen Openshaw and the other great personages that private business forbade him to remain longer with them, and so, with many handshakes and with his beaming smile, Mr. Potter wished them good-bye.

He walked along the street till he was out of the immediate vicinity of the hall, and then he hailed a hansom. As soon as he had seated himself in it, the mask of benevolence and good will dropped from his face, revealing an expression that was distinctly egoistic. Moreover he looked tired and careworn. By his directions the cabman pulled up at an hotel in a quiet street, and Mr. Potter fortified his nerves with strong waters. Then he continued his journey home.

As the cab drew up outside his house a man of middle-age, sufficiently well-nourished, but very shabbily dressed, stepped forward and laid his arm across the wheel of the hansom so that by no chance might Mr. Potter's overcoat come in contact with the mud on the tyre.

"Do you think you can assist a very deserving case, sir!" the stranger asked respectfully. "A man whose wife is ailing and is himself unfortunately out of work. I don't want money, but if you could assist me to obtain employment I should—"

"Be off at once," said Mr. Potter, "or I shall have you arrested as a vagrant."

Mr. Potter did not trouble to ask the footman who opened the door for him whether or not his wife was at home. He did not very much care.

She had married him for his money, and, though they had maintained the union which the law and society imposed upon them, they had

long since ceased to be lovers. Mr. Potter would have endeavoured to obtain a divorce, or would have seen to it that his wife had an excellent opportunity of securing one, but such a course would have been fatal to his career as an organiser of philanthropy, and so they had lived on together, he submitting to her extravagance until his business was undermined.

Then the temptation had come to him to use the money that had been entrusted to him on behalf of the Society, and, as the idea had presented itself before under less trying circumstances, Mr. Potter did not offer it very much resistance.

At first he had dipped into the Society's funds believing that he might eventually repay what he had taken, but afterwards, as he saw this hope was futile, he argued that it was well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and so he speculated with and lost about half the million, and invested the other half in his own name in securities abroad. His wife's extravagance had been the primary cause. Now he chuckled at the pleasant thought of how she would be left in the lurch when he bolted. In his part there would be disgrace only in name—his conscience was flexible—for he would start a fresh life abroad; but for her there would be total extinction of all her social hopes, and the blow, whose effect he could not stop to watch, whose weight he could well imagine, would supply him with a pleasant topic for conversation.

That evening Mr. Theodore Potter packed a small portmanteau and drove in his own motor-car to Waterloo. His footman saw the portmanteau labelled for Southampton, and then Mr. Potter informed the man that his services would not be required further that night. As soon as the motor-car was out of sight, Mr. Potter lifted his portmanteau up and carried it to the Bakerloo Tube. As the train took him to Piccadilly Circus he scraped the Southampton label off the portmanteau with his pocket knife, and on reaching Piccadilly he hailed a hansom and drove to Victoria.

The train he took brought him to Dover a good deal earlier than he need have arrived to catch the night mail boat, but the margin of time had been intentionally planned.

Mr. Potter betook himself to an hotel on the quay and there he drew from his portmanteau a suit of light tweeds and a cap. He rolled his clothes of sombre black into the yawning trunk and crushed up his respectable silk hat till it nestled down beside them. Then he visited a barber's and had his beard altered to a neat pair of side whiskers. When he looked in the barber's mirror at the end of this operation, he congratulated himself that he appeared to be an entirely different person.

Mr. Potter felt light of heart as he reflected upon the discomfiture of his extravagant wife and of the good time in store for him in Spain, and as he drank a small bottle of champagne in a quiet saloon bar, it seemed to him that the life he was entering upon was at least twice as entertaining as that he had relinquished.

Presently the hour for the departure of the Calais boat arrived, and Mr. Potter wended his way once more to the quay. It was very dark, but a lamp had been hung above the gangway to prevent the passengers from stumbling, and as he came beneath the light, a man advanced to Mr. Potter and laid his hand upon his arm. Mr. Potter saw in a moment that it was the man who had begged from him outside his house that afternoon, for he had cultivated a good memory for faces.

"It's not a bit of good," said Mr. Potter. "I won't give you anything."

The stranger smiled pleasantly.

"I have a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Theodore Potter, on a charge of embezzling the funds," he said. "I am a detective from Scotland Yard, and my suspicions that you were not a philanthropist were confirmed by my meeting with you this afternoon. Will you come quietly, or must we have a scene?"

Mr. Theodore Potter went quietly.



AMERICAN TRAINING.

No player leaves the American football field without being battered and bruised more or less seriously. So rough is this type of the Rugby game that he must be trained as hard as a prize-fighter if he is to weather the match at all.

Various devices have been invented for the hardening of the players. One of the most important is the sandbag.

This is a long leather bag about the height of a man; it is packed with sand, and suspended by a steel rope from a cross bar. The bag is set swinging, and the player hurls himself against

Woe betide him should he miscalculate his rush or tackle in the wrong manner, for unless he exercises the utmost skill he is pitched some yards across the field by the impetus of the heavy bag. The top of it is shod with iron, which is a very uncomfortable thing to come in violent contact with, and thus is the player taught, in the most practical manner, to tackle low.

A charging machine is another peculiarly rican contraption. It is a contrivance some feet in length, made of heavy wooden framework and mounted on rollers. The front is slightly padded, and the players in practice are taught to push against it, in order that they may be competent to overcome an opposing team similarly placed. The charging machine may be weighted up to any extent, for at the back of it a plank runs along on which those members of the team who are not charging seat themselves.

MENTAL WORK.

American player has a considerable amount of bookwork to get through. He must understand a hundred code instructions, and, when he is practising, the trainers or the captain shout to him what sounds to the uninitiated like telephone numbers, but each signal means a definite movement in the game.

During a match these instructions are belated to the players, and they are thus able to form a definite plan of attack or defence without their opponents becoming aware of their intentions. A code book is made out and kept until the players are thoroughly drilled in its signals, after which it is burnt, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

FOOTBALL AND DISEASE.

One aspect of football to which public attention has not been sufficiently drawn; it is the possibility of a functional disease resulting from participation in the game if due care is not taken.

The first-class clubs have their men rubbed down before starting and properly cared for after the match is finished. Moreover the men are examined periodically by the club doctor, and if there are any symptoms of weakness they are withdrawn from play. Thus we may take it that there are practically no dangers in connection with first-class football.

In the case of junior clubs, however, where elaborate precautions are not taken, many serious ailments result from the game. A player will get wet with sweat and possibly with mud. If care is not taken, this may lead to cold, which may develop into consumption; or it may lead to rheumatism, which may induce heart disease; or heart disease may result directly from the severe tussles to which the player is subjected.

Moreover in minor clubs the precaution of daily examining the men is seldom adopted, and a man who is functionally weak, although apparently strong, is frequently allowed to play and start an early collapse.

The case here stated is not overdrawn. It can be proved by reference to some of the well-known men whose collapse is attributed directly to football—Finney, the Accrington full-back, and the Glasgow Rangers, and Allen the Liverpool International. The moral of it is that if a player is in any way doubtful as to his fitness he should have



himself medically examined, if need be at his own expense; all players, whether amateur or professional, should see to it that they do not stand about after play and thus court a chill, and they should take the very simple precaution of having a good rub down so as to restore the circulation and help it to remove the dangerous effects of over fatigue.

FOOTBALL FAME'S PENALTY.

"Don't envy me," remarked a prominent footballer the other day. "On the field I'm as happy as a bee, but my life is nearly pestered out of me through my rise to fame, as you call it."

"By every post I receive requests for autographs and photos of myself, some of them from young ladies—and I am a married man!"

"Then there is the fiendish boy who wants me to tell him all about the prospects of a professional football player, and how he can become one."

"If my unknown correspondents stopped there I wouldn't mind so much. But I get samples of breakfast foods, wines, cigars and even pills, with a request that I will try them and let the senders know my opinion. It is an obvious wheeze for getting what they would brand as an unsolicited testimonial. But I refrain."

"I might be a millionaire from the number of begging letters I get, and I would need to be one if I gave all they ask for. I should like to know where they get the idea that a footballer is made of money. Perhaps they mix up 'goal' with 'gold'!"

SCOTCH FOOTBALL.

The principle of combination in Association football originated in Scotland, and this, combined with the physical hardihood of the players, made Scotch teams almost irresistible. It was not till Major Sudell, then Secretary to Preston North End, determined to have the finest team in the country that the Scots were invited to cross the border. Then Preston North End underwent a complete transformation and became in all but name a Scotch team.

The result was that it carried all before it, and it has been said by its most ardent admirers that we shall never see as good a team again.

From this time onward the passage of Scotch footballers into English clubs continued, to such an extent in fact that the supremacy of the Scotch football clubs began to wane, although later they recovered their lost ground.

It is now almost an established principle that a good player in a Scotch team shall transfer his services to England at the earliest possible moment. Woolwich Arsenal owes much of its success to James Sharp and his partner, A. Gray, both Scotchmen. Chelsea would not have reached its position but for J. T. Robertson, R. Mackie, T. Miller and G. Key, Scots all. The supporters of Bristol City know how much has been done for that club by W. S. Maxwell, Burton, Gilligan and Annan, another Scotch quartette.

The Scotchman has the stuff, and the brains as well.

FATE AND FOOTER.

F. Wheatcroft, of Reading, once came down on an agate stone and cut his knee. He had a piece of the stone set as a ring, and he believes that it is impossible for him to receive an injury in the field whilst wearing it. One day he left it off and sure enough he received a twisted wrist before the match was finished.

Clubs, too, have their superstitions. Middlesbrough believes itself to be absolutely impregnable on the Blackburn Rovers' own ground; the Rovers believe themselves to be equally lucky at Owlerton; and Newcastle United regard Goodison Park as a place where they are practically certain of victory. These beliefs have arisen from the success of the clubs referred to on these particular grounds, and are the more interesting because the run of luck is generally against the visiting team.

On the other hand Manchester United has a perfect horror of playing Bristol City on the ground of the latter, and Newcastle hates to meet Sunderland at St. James's Park.

Some footballers are looked upon as veritable mascots. When Sagar was with Bury they twice won the English cup; when he left them luck went with him. He joined Manchester United, and immediately the latter team found its ancient ambition of obtaining admission to the First League gratified.

THE CASE OF BELL.

Jack Bell was not welcomed very enthusiastically when he joined Preston North End, but somebody said he had always been a mascot, and he proved to be one. Preston at that time had dropped into the Second Division, and was doing very badly even there, but almost immediately on Bell's signing on with them they won the championship of the Second Division and quickly became a first-class team.

Then we have Thicket. When he was in Sheffield United they won the English Cup and the League championship, but when he left their fortunes began to decline. The new club he signed on with was Bristol City, and very shortly after his arrival it bounded up into the First League.

FOOTBALL FRENZY.

I should be the last to condemn football or even the watching of it, but the fact that so many men allow it to occupy their thoughts to the exclusion of everything else throughout the week, cannot but be regretted.

In most factories Friday is spent in discussing the prospects of the home team at the Saturday's match. Monday is given up to the condemnation of the referee or the opposing side if the match has gone against the home crew, or to self-congratulation if the victory has been won as expected; the other days are spent in retrospection, anticipation and general reminiscence, but the sole topic is football.

In some factories the owners have actually been driven to closing down on Monday afternoons when the local team play a Monday match.

The proprietors naturally held out as long as they could, but they soon discovered that the most peremptory notices and warnings could not keep many of the men from leaving and taking the risk of dismissal, while those who remained scamped their work so abominably that it would have been better for their employers had they gone also.

Complaints come in from all fishing towns that it is impossible now to keep a boat at sea up till Saturday night, which was the usual time for returning home in the days of our forefathers. The fishermen now want to witness the local football match, and consequently the boat has to put into port on the Friday night, thus losing a whole day's fishing.

Football is an excellent thing in spite of all its enemies may say, but it is only an amusement, and it is folly to allow it to occupy that constant place in our thoughts which should be held by more important matters.

R. T. BRODIE.

ATHLETES AND SPORTSMEN.

IN WHAT RESPECTS THEY DIFFER.

One often sees some well-known athlete alluded to in print as Mr. —, the famous sportsman.

Now is this not something of a misnomer? Are athletes properly to be described as sportsmen?

Of course, if we use the term "sportsman" in its colloquial sense of "a good fellow," one who "plays the game," and so on, then certainly an athlete or any man may be properly and truly styled a "sportsman."

But in its original sense to what extent is the term "sportsman" applicable to an athlete? It seems to me to a very slight extent.

A sportsman, according to my dictionary is "one who practises, or is skilled in field sports."

And field sports, quoting again from the same authority, are "sports of the field, such as hunting, racing, etc."

Now that "etc." is rather annoying. Does it include cricket, football, tennis, running, golfing? If so, then no doubt those who play any out-of-door game, or engage in any out-of-door athletic contest are entitled to call themselves sportsmen.

Probably, however, the etc. is only meant further to include shooting, deer-stalking, fishing—any pursuit which involves the taking of animal life.

Even if this be wrong, even if athletes are strictly entitled to call themselves sportsmen, it seems a pity that they should take to themselves a title to which one cannot help thinking they have no real claim.

For there is a wide difference between the athlete and the sportsman.

To the sportsman strength is of small importance. Take such a great sportsman as Mr. F. C. Selous. Tough he is and wiry. But I doubt if he could make any show as an athlete, though I believe he once did record time for about fifty yards when pursued by a wounded and maddened elephant.

The essence of a sportsman's existence is the cheerful endurance of hardships and the persistent struggling against a keen and elusive foe.

The whole tendency of modern athletics is to eliminate whatever hardship or difficulty there was in them, and the athlete is seldom prepared to face discomfort.

At cricket you see grown men skeddaddling to the pavilion because a few drops of rain fall.

Footballers won't turn out unless the falling is as soft as an cider-down. Everything is done to make the athlete's way easy for him.

I admit that the same is true to a lamentable extent of sport in England. Too much is done for the featherbed sportsman.

But then he is only a poor imitation of the real sportsman, the man who hunts his game himself and gives it a fair chance.

The real sportsman is as tough and hardy as they make 'em. He glories in nature, and fears neither wind nor rain. He must be able to take a "first-class" in a woodcraft examination. He must be self-reliant and brave. The athlete need not.

Finally, there is a big element of danger in real sport, practically none in athletics. True, men are occasionally killed or injured at games, but these are accidents.

In modern athletics the professional football referee is the only person who accepts danger as a recognised part of his work.

In real sport, on the other hand, the more danger there is in it the higher does it rank as sport.

It is not my purpose to run down athletes, but I object to their describing themselves, or being described as sportsmen.

That term may not truly fit lots of hunting, shooting and riding men, though they are technically entitled to it, but it is altogether ludicrously misapplied when tacked on to some fat fraud of a wrestler or some champion at battle-dore and shuttlecock or chess. S. B. VICKERS.

MY NOTEBOOK.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM READERS Many readers have been kind enough to send me their photographs. For the most part they are depicted in the toggery of the particular sport to which they are devoted, and I am glad to see that I number amongst my friends so many sportsmen of every description.

Last week I had one from a jockey who had just beaten the rest of the field in his first steeplechase, and another from a Manchester reader, who was shown proudly holding a trophy which he had won as victor in a cross-country harrier race.

These and all the other photographs of my readers are now adorning the mantelpiece of my private office, and I often turn to them for inspiration when I am thinking out new subjects of interest for the paper.

It is very pleasing for an editor to be thus able to see exactly what his supporters are like, and if any other readers care to send me their portraits I shall be most happy to have them.

Remember I am not offering prizes. I don't believe in competitions, because they disappoint so many and please only the few winners. (Our paragraph competition is different; it is merely our method of securing an interesting page of reading at a fair price.) If my friends therefore decide to pay me the compliment of bestowing their photographs upon me, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that it is done from no other motive than friendliness, and they shall have my cordial thanks.

THE BLACK ART.

I have lived in my time at many different farmhouses, but I have never yet come across one where the servants do not have some tale concerning the black art. Why this peculiar form of magic should have its practitioners almost exclusively in the ranks of farm labourers I do not know, but from Hampshire to Banff I have found reports of the black art, but never away from a farmhouse.

I may say frankly that I have never personally come across any of these professors of diablerie, but report has it that they are able at will to call the milking pails from beneath the table and make them dance merrily on the kitchen floor; nor does it end here. A farm where one of these wonder-workers is employed becomes wholly bewitched. The hens cease to lay, the water from the well is found to be salt, horses that were previously docile become suddenly unmanageable.

I have never made any secret of my scepticism in the matter of ghosts and magic, and I believe that the dancing of the pails is accomplished by means of a black thread judiciously managed, that the well has a handful of salt dropped into it, that the horses and hens are temporarily drugged.

Farm labourers are, as a class, extremely secretive. They have many facts—useful and useless—which are handed on from one generation of them to another, and which none of them would dream of divulging to any but a farm labourer. If any of my readers can prove me wrong or support my views, I shall be glad to hear from them.

RAILWAYS AND BICYCLES.

Several of the lines running out of London have been experimenting with what they call cheap cycle tours, but they are not cheap enough.

The ticket they provide you with enables you to travel to a station twenty miles out of town, and to join another train the next day or that same afternoon twenty or so miles away from the station where you alighted. The fare charged is slightly less than you would pay for a single from London to the first station, and a single from the second station to London, but you have to pay for the carriage of your bicycle.

I am glad to find the railway companies giving the cyclist some consideration at last, not that these tours offer any special advantages,

but their establishment shows that the railways are beginning to recognise that the cyclist is worth catering for. The custom hitherto has been for the companies to look upon the bicycle as a rival, and to subject its owner to every inconvenience.

The minimum charge of sixpence is ridiculous; I should like to see the bicycle carried free as personal luggage, which assuredly it is. If the companies did this, they would find their receipts grow considerably, for cyclists would be tempted to use the train in order to get more quickly into fresh country.

Let us hope that the day when the railways will see eye to eye with me in this respect is not far off.

HUNTING FOR POOR MEN.

In connection with a paragraph which recently appeared on this page, an Irish correspondent sends me some interesting information.

He informs me that in Cork and Kerry there are several packs of harriers run upon the most democratic lines. There is no subscription, for the hounds are housed and fed at the cottages of the various members of the hunt.

When the field turns up, some are mounted and some are on foot. As the hare seldom runs in a straight line but usually circles about, you can hunt it fairly comfortably without the help of a horse. It is not always hares, however, that are hunted by these packs. Occasionally they scent a fox, and it is then that the mounted men have things all their own way.

A noteworthy feature of these meetings is that they very frequently take place on Sundays. There are, of course, six other days on which men may hunt, but I venture to think that if we had a few packs of the kind in this country we might with advantage hunt on Sundays too.

It is better than loafing about anyhow. There is no finer sport in all the wide world than hunting, whether your quarry be a fox or a hare. Chasing the hare is a good deal harder than following the fox, but it does you twice as much good.

Let my country readers forthwith join the nearest pack of beagles or harriers, and let them give their countenance to any townsman who may care to join them.

Participate in the sport once and you will lose to do so again.

MONEY OR MARRIAGE.

A Colchester correspondent is good enough to send me an interesting letter, from which I extract the following essential part:

"I am in receipt of 25s. a week," he says, "and, having found the right girl, I am extremely anxious to marry at once. I am aware, however, that if I do so I shall be hatching myself seriously."

"With two to provide for, it will not be possible for me to save that capital which I have amassed before I was twenty-five and which I intended some day to start business for myself."

"It comes to this—I must either give up the thought of ever becoming wealthy or else I must drop, for the time at least, all hopes of marrying. What is your advice?"

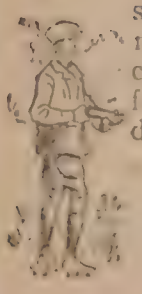
My advice to this correspondent, and to all others similarly placed, is to let the money side of the question look after itself.

It is quite possible to be happy though not happy if wealthy. A man who sacrifices anything else for ambition, finds that he has the golden grain and saved only the husk.

If you have found the right girl, my friend (but be quite sure you have), take her, boy, take her.

As I have said before, there are things in this world better worth having than money, and should put a fine girl at the very top of the list of these desirable things.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



THE TRAMPS' PARTY.

COMPLETE SHORT
STORY.

WALTER HODGES.

We go to know
another in his
and we are to
have a company for
the night.
Willie
and I were very
tired and very
hungry. We had
not eaten since
the night before.
The night was
very cold and
the wind was
blowing hard.
We were all
very tired and
very hungry.
We had not
eaten since the
night before.
The night was
very cold and
the wind was
blowing hard.

My own name is Anthony, and I am just as

as Willie is thin. I don't remember ever hav-

done a day's work, but I look exactly like
respectable artisan who has been ousted by the
treaty foreigner, and I can always get a copper
to help me on the road to a job where I com-

work to-morrow.
Combined, our forces were irresistible, and
made a very fat thing of it between Bristol
ing. Shortly after that we came to a
town where our adventures deserve
telling in detail.

Mose and I were pitching the tale to
ladies-of-the-house, Willie got a job to
a horse for a party who had just driven up
the village. They had brought with them
a fine picnic hamper, and when they went inside
house to ask the time Willie yanked the
basket out of the trap, left the horse to hold
itself, and made for a spot outside the village
where we had agreed to meet. Willie is always
hungry, and when Mose and I found him he
had pretty well got through half the stuff in the
basket, but there was still a lot left.

As we sat on the river bank and ate, I noticed
that on an island some distance out there were
several bungalows. The river season had long
since ended, and it struck me that we might
profitably take up residence in one of these bun-
galows for a day or two. The people of the
neighbourhood seemed very flat and we had not
called on a quarter of them yet. So we closed
the hamper and made our way over the foot-
bridge that spanned the weir, and thus reached
the island.

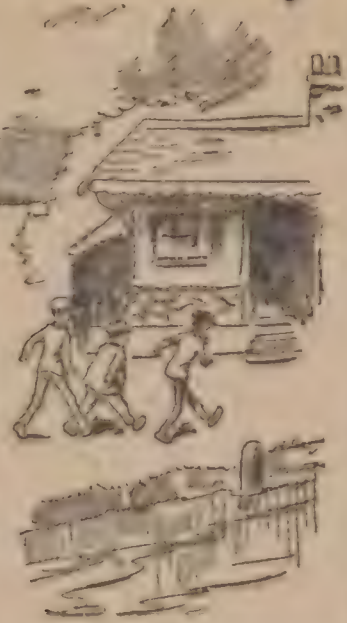
All the bungalows except one had been
stripped of furniture. The one that was still
ready for visitors was large and pretty well built.
Willie had once been a burglar before he got
lazy, and in less than no time the three of
us were in the bungalow.

We laid the hamper on the floor and opened
my part I felt tired, so I sat down in a basket-
ever, and when I finally picked myself off the
floor I found that various pieces of wicker work
were sticking in me.

"Look here!" said Mose, for he was a smart
man of business. "What'th the good of
knashing the things up like that. We could
sell them and make a bit."

"Yes," said Willie, "we might live here like
lords for a week or so on the proceeds of the
valuable furniture."

And so we did. For the next day or two a
man, a fat, and a venerable tramp might have
been seen hawking basket chairs and various
household ornaments throughout the village.
Everybody thought our caravan was just round



the corner, and nobody
suspected where the things
came from.

After we had pretty well
stripped the place of furniture, we began to
search about in the cupboards. I found a paste-
board box filled with little coloured cakes that
smelt very nice.

Some were marked Violet, some Oatmeal,
and some Buttermilk. We wondered what they
could be, and Willie, who is always hungry, was
certain they were meant for eating. So he ate
one or two of the cakes, and as he said they
were very nice, Mose and I ate some too.

I don't know how it was—I think it must
have been that we had been drinking too much
—but that night we were all very sick. Next
day Mose said that the little cakes were prob-
ably worth more to other people than to us, and
that we had better try to sell them.

We hawked a few round the village, and told
the people that they were a new kind of confec-
tionery, but you could have knocked me down
with a bludgeon when an old lady said that she
did not like that kind of soap.

That night we had another look about the
place to see whether we could discover some-
thing fresh to sell. The frying pans and the
fire screen, the carpet and even the pictures had
already been disposed of, and we began to think
that we had better be moving elsewhere.

Then Willie suggested there might be some-
thing worth taking in the garden behind the
bungalow, and sure enough when we went there
we found that there were several rows of pota-
toes which the owners had never dug up. Mose
and I sat on the ground, encouraging Willie to
dig them. Willie, knowing that potatoes were
good to eat, was working away pretty hard—
for Willie.

Suddenly the fork he was using stuck in the
ground, and he was unable to pull it out.

"I think," he said, "I have struck a treasure
chest, and if I have, mind you, it belongs to
me."

So we all hung on to the fork and levered
it up. It was very stiff at first but after a while
it gave way with a sudden jerk.

Up came a cheese which the former occupants
of the bungalow must have buried and forgot-
ten. The smell was worse than anything I can
recollect, and Willie got his feet into it before he
noticed.

Mose suffered worst because his nose was so
big, and he said some queer things while he
pushed his thumbs into his nostrils and made
for the garden seat.

He was not better off when he got there, for
some careless person had laid upon it the garden
rake with the teeth pointing upwards, a very
wicked thing to do.

Mose gave a yell and came dancing across
the green shrieking to Willie and me to pull the
rake out of him.

We caught the handle and twisted it about
till we eventually got it out, and then Mose
wanted us to pay him compensation for having
torn his trousers more than we need have done.

When the excitement of all this was over we
became aware once again of the terrible smell
of the cheese. To bury it again was too much
trouble, so we went in at the back door, closed
it behind us and put a sack at the bottom of it
to keep out the smell. But the perfume of the
cheese still seemed to be everywhere about us,
and it was only after a bit that we remembered
that Willie had stepped into it, so we sent him
to wash his boots in the river.

While he was doing this Mose and I had a
hunt about on our own. It was Mose who first
saw the iron ring in the floor. We pulled at it
hard and found that it was the entrance to a
cellar.

I struck a match and looked down. Oh, joy!
I could see beneath me a large beer barrel.

How my young heart fluttered as I sprang
down the steps, for the suspense was horrible.
The barrel might or might not be empty.

But luck was again on our side, for when I
tapped the end of it with my boot I found that

it gave out that dull note that signifies fullness.

When Willie came back, we shut the door and
told him of our discovery, and that night we
drank and drank and drank.

It must have been somewhere about midnight
when Willie said there was a serpent crawling
in beneath the door. Mose and I looked, and
we too could see a long dark shining ribbon
creeping steadily towards us.

"We've had quite enough," said I. "Let's
get to bed."

Five minutes later we had thrown ourselves
on our little nests. I had the bed in the front
room, while Willie and Mose had the two in the
back room. Their experiences I know little
about. Let me describe my own.

When my eyes closed I dreamed that I had
found a palace where there were hundreds of
beer barrels in the cellar, and where pumps
were attached to them so that you just lay with
your mouth beneath a tap and did not even
have the trouble of lifting the jug up and down.

Then my dream changed, and I imagined
that I was sailing on the sea, and that the spray
was splashing over the edge of the boat.

After that my visions changed to nightmare.
I dreamt—oh, horror of horrors!—that I was
having a bath.

Yes, somebody was splashing water over me,
while the cold perspiration made my head and
face wet. I could not move or cry out.

Then with a start I woke up and found that
the room was flooded. The water was lapping
over my bed! I shouted to Mose and Willie,
and they came wading through from the back
premises.

Willie was shouting for his mother, and tell-
ing us that the water was killing him. Mose
was saying nothing, but weeping silently.

"There is nothing for it," I cried, "but to
get on to the top of this chest of drawers. If
we try out of the door we'll only be swept away."

I was standing on my pillow, the driest place,
and endeavoured to make a spring across to the
top of the chest of drawers, but the bed floated
away from beneath me and I landed in the water
half way across.

Willie and Mose fished me out, and I was
worse off than they were, for I was wet all over.

We clambered on to the top of the drawers,
and stood there shivering for something like an
hour, the flood gradually rising till our feet got
wet, and then till the water lapped our knees.

The top of the drawers was smooth to start
with, but the water made it as slippery as a
fish, and we had to hold on to one another to
keep from sliding off.

It was not nice being so close to Willie, be-
cause he was getting hungry again, and you
couldn't feel certain that he wouldn't take an
absent-minded bite of your ear.

By and by the chest of drawers began to rock
with the current, and we could see that some-
thing was going to happen.

It did.

All of a sudden the whole bungalow lurched
over, for the force of the flood had been too
much for it. It must have been built by con-
tract, for the roof and sides immediately split
in bits, and so we floated out on to the bosom of
Father Thames.

I was all right, because I could scarcely sink,
being so fat, while the further adventures of
Mose and Willie did not interest me particularly.

I drifted on and on, like boats do in poems,
and I was just spinning nicely past a wharf
when I felt something scratch my back.

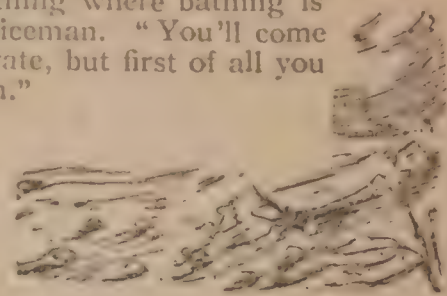
I opened my eyes and looked up.

A policeman was leaning over the edge of the
wharf with a grappling hook fixed on the end
of a long wooden pole. When he had got me
nicely hooked he called for help, and I was
pulled out on to the wharf. There Willie and
Mose were already standing.

"I charge you with bathing where bathing is
not allowed," said the policeman. "You'll come
with me before a magistrate, but first of all you
must have a proper bath."

And we did have it.

Woe is me!



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

HOW I LOST MY JOB.

(I have extracted the following interesting experiences from the letters which readers of this page have sent to me.)

TOO MUCH PUSH.

I had been out of employment for some weeks, and at last in desperation I accepted a sort of canvassing agency with one of those firms who offer whole or spare time employment.

The commodity which they had for sale was much better than the usual run, moreover it was very cheap. Therefore instead of restricting myself to selling to private customers only, I managed to persuade many shopkeepers to take it up.

The result was that my orders were more numerous than the small factory was able to fill. The firm found itself in trouble, as there was a tacit agreement that the articles should be supplied within a certain time.

I suppose I ought to have asked their permission to extend their business from private to shop customers, but anyhow I was sacked—for bringing in too much business.

WHY THEY PARTED.

I am afraid my character has a certain bias of originality, which I find it difficult to restrain even in such trivial matters of personal appearance as hairdressing.

On taking up a new post as tobacconist's assistant, I was remonstrated with by the manager because I allowed my hair to grow in a sort of fringe in front.

Anxious to please, I went to the barber that night and had the offending fringe cut off. Next morning I appeared at work with my hair parted in the middle and plastered with oil close against my head.

"Well, well," said the manager. "This beats everything! Fringes are bad enough, but hair parted in the middle always goes with imitation jewellery and red waistcoats. We must have a parting of another kind."

And so we had.

THE STOCKING.

The last job I held was as assistant in a boot shop.

One day an old lady, who was troubled with tender feet, and was continually buying different kinds of shoes in the hope of obtaining comfort, came in for a fresh pair. When I took her shoe off I revealed a big hole through which her big toe protruded.

"You wretched man!" she said. "You have torn my stocking in taking my shoe off carelessly."

Then, turning to the manager, she added: "If this man is not dismissed I shall never return to your shop."

I was sacked on the spot, very unjustly as I considered.

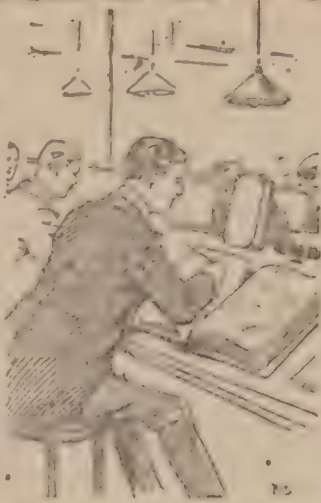
With my savings, and some outside assistance, I have now started a boot shop of my own some way down the same street, and many of the old customers have transferred their patronage to me.

GETTING A CHANGE.

Shortly after I had started work as a draper's assistant in a certain shop, a boy approached the counter and asked me to give him change for a sixpence. I did so.

Within five minutes a girl came in with the same request. Again I did it.

Ten minutes later a lady with a very acid face approached me and, putting down sixpence, demanded change.



I regarded her as a very unprofitable customer and I was rather impatient after the two previous visits, so I asked her innocently whether she would have it in gold or silver.

She laughed last, for it turned out that she was a spy sent in by the owner of the shop to test my patience and civility, and shortly after her departure I received notice to quit.

THE GORGEOUS JOHN.

I have been more accustomed to giving notice than to getting the same, but in my last position I was what people call "summarily dismissed."

I had been engaged as a coachman to a fish merchant to whom a life of luxury was a new thing.

"John," he said to me one day, "John, you are a very good coachman, but, John, you are much too good for my wife and me. You make us feel small, John, and more as if we were riding in somebody else's carriage and not in our own."

So he gave me notice.

It does seem tough luck to be dismissed just because you're a bit too high-class for your boss.

THE ALL ROUND MAN.

To be an all round man (I do not of course mean in the literal and physical sense) is highly useful in business.

One of my most successful rivals lives not for his business but for his dogs. He is an enthusiastic breeder of bull terriers, and to them he devotes almost the whole of his leisure time.

He is a man of immense energy and, if his mind were not employed in some such definite manner, he would worry about business matters and would be less fit to grapple with them when the time for doing so arrived.

As it is, I verily believe that his greatest coups are planned and successfully brought off in order that he may obtain the necessary money for purchasing the latest champion.

Some business men whom I know restrict their energies wholly to their offices. Out of hours they are dull dogs.

As far as my experience carries me, none of these men has ever attained a very large success. Their narrowness of outlook limits their knowledge of human nature, and they are consequently ignorant of many facts a knowledge of which would enable them to increase their profits greatly.

FRIENDSHIP IN BUSINESS.

"I have got no friends," said a business man to me one day, "and I don't want any. In business you are a free-lance with every man's hand against you. Friends would never help me if doing so interfered with their own interests, and they would continually be expecting me to assist them at the sacrifice of my own."

I agree with this statement to the extent that I do not think one should form firm friendships in business, for firm friends will certainly expect you to sacrifice your interests to theirs. On the other hand, I believe in having as many friendly acquaintances as I can possibly make.

Long since I found that it paid me to lunch with other men instead of lunching alone, but I have always reserved my private friendships for those I have met outside the business world altogether.

You can be on excellent terms with a man without ever having asked him to your house, and I have many hundreds of such friends.

They would do any little thing for me, but they would not sacrifice their interests to mine.

To expect more from friendship than I get from this circle of acquaintances would be futile and disappointing. My business friends are just as useful as business friends will be, and their friendship has taken less time to cultivate than that of the intimate friend.

THE BUSINESS VOICE.

*I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech.*

—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

A clear, pleasant voice is as essential to the business man as a good bedside manner is to the doctor. The fog, rain and cold of winter may lessen a salesman's powers by the effects of their influence upon the voice. Too much or too little ventilation may transform a hearty, ringing voice into a sickly, indistinct one. Waiting about in those notorious hurricane-catchers called railway-junctions may spoil the commercial traveller's vocal organs for half the season.

Some dangers to the voice are avoidable, some are not. The business voice is too much neglected. Apart from physical dangers there is the risk of falling into an habitual expressionless, sing-song tone. It is by no means necessarily bad teeth, weak chest, or relaxed throat which is responsible for a feeble, indistinct utterance.

Inappreciation of the value of a good, robust, well-controlled speaking voice is more often the cause. Most of us are too oblivious of the effect of our tones on others. Some, though conscious of imperfections in this respect, regard them as natural, inevitable and unalterable. This may be a modest, but it is quite often a merely indolent, sort of mistake.

Voices, of course, may be good, bad or raspily horrible. But even the worst may be improved by constant efforts to attain smoothness. The effort is worth while, because it will improve not only the voice but the argument as well.

A man would scarcely take the trouble to tune his voice for the sake of uttering twaddle. Though, of course, even tuneful twaddle is preferable to harsh twaddle. The man who learns the value of judicious tones stands a better chance of gaining new ideas respecting powers of his own brain.

The intelligent use of varied inflections stimulates the invention of varied thought. Pleasant tones are usually allied to pleasant topics, and they are extremely useful when one is compelled to discourse on less agreeable themes. You may very likely save your customer or your berth by taking the precaution of sugar-coating your regrettable, but necessary, verbal pill with a dulcet utterance.

A pleasing voice is a thought collector as well as a thought stimulant. Not only is it a smoothly-running line to tap your own mines of ideas but it will help to fetch and unload the thoughts of others.

Such artificial brain stimulants are often useful if only to preclude the deadly, matter-of-fact manner which is so stifling to effective talk. Few people habitually remember how inspiring, or how crushing, how suggestive or how repulsive, how helpful or how obstructive the voice may be.

Physical malformation is seldom in the way. The ordinary larynx is sound enough. All that is wanting in a quite preponderating number of cases is simply the will to attune the voice to more harmonious utterance.

You don't want to go mincing your words, but just to put into your tones some of the heartiness you feel.

The voices of some good singers are by no means excellent in conversation. This is mainly because they do not trouble to make the most of the talent which they possess. If half the time spent in efforts to attain melody in song were devoted to attempts at melody in speech the world would be much more peaceful and happy. The pleasure of business and the business of pleasure would be greatly enhanced.

There is no reason why the gift of a good voice should be reserved for platform use. Why the possessor of ordinary vocal powers should not learn to put more smoothness, clearness, distinction and expression into his style of speech. A really bright, hopeful, kind, attentive or otherwise markedly reassuring and encouraging tone is a most valuable acquisition in the social or business game.

M. C. MOORE.

Causes of Cowardice

Cowards die many times before their deaths. The valiant never taste of death but once. — JULIUS CAESAR.

A man admires beauty in a woman; a woman admires courage in a man.

If there is one thing a mother desires above all others it is that her son shall grow up a man. Yet she generally takes every precaution to insure that he shall not.

"Learn boxing?" she cries in horror, when her boy expresses a desire to know the science of using his fists. "John, you must be going mad! It is the most brutal thing you could do. Indeed you shall not."

Probably he learns the elements of it at school without her knowledge; then he is fitted to hold his own in that particular at least.

Perhaps he does not learn it at school, for some schools discourage this with many other phases of manliness.

WHEN THE INSULT COMES.

Then some day or another he is insulted; the only retort to fit the occasion would be a straight blow from the shoulder, but he knows that a fight would inevitably follow and that, as he knows nothing about fighting, he would make a ludicrous and laughable exhibition of his ignorance.

If there is one thing every man hates it is to be laughed at; so he passes off the insult as a joke, and is branded by all who witnessed the incident as a coward.

In this sense he is a coward, for if he were he would have disregarded the probability of appearing ridiculous, and would have gone for his enemy at all cost. But we must consider this before judging him: would the other man have acted differently if he also had been unable to use his fists?

In the matter of boxing we get to the root of what passes for everyday courage. The man who can box can defend himself and his collection of all occasions, and the confidence which helps him to face every type of enemy with more or less equanimity.

This is courage in its narrowest sense. The real test of courage is the unexpected danger, not the personal enemy.

WHEN THE BRAVE FEAR.

The cleverest boxer may prove the veriest coward when a mad dog rushes down the street, or when there is a child to be rescued from the top storey of a burning house.

The man who can front these things with steady pulse, is the man who has throughout his life been accustomed to dangers of varying degree.

Who is not everyone inured to such dangers? Once again we must lay a meed of blame on the shoulders of loving but misguided mothers.

"Don't let me catch you near the river," says the mother to her son. "You might be drowned, and what should I do without you?"

And, because he loves his mother, he determines to stop away from the river, in spite of all his own personal inclinations.

It is the same with wrestling, riding, shooting, and football. The impressionable mind of the boy is influenced by the constant appeals of his mother to avoid these sports. The reasons she gives vary, but the true reason is that she fears her son will be hurt.

It is a case of the maternal instinct seeking an immediate instead of looking to a higher ultimate benefit.



If the boy had been allowed to follow every manly pastime, he would gradually have become accustomed to dangers, till at length he would have found actual pleasure in them and would have courted them for their own sake. Happy the man whose rearing has not suffered from such loving interference!

Up-bringing accounts for much but not for all of the existing cowardice. A large proportion must be attributed to ill health. The pale-cheeked townsman trembles when a gun is fired near him; not so the sturdy countryman, whose abundant vigour makes it next to impossible for him to feel the sensation of fear, even if he knows that Death itself is looking him in the face.

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF COURAGE.

For courage is, after all, a physical as well as a mental thing, and when the quality of cowardice has once been acquired no mere effort of the mind can overcome it, however powerful the mind may be.

Another cause of cowardice is education. We read of cases where a well directed blow with the fist has caused death, and we fear that such may be our lot should we ever come to fight with our hands.

Then again we all of us study medicine and surgery, perhaps more than we ought to do, and we know how terrible may be the subsequent effects of the bite of a dog; therefore when a mad dog appears we seek shelter, leaving other people to take care of themselves and leaving the man of courage, and perhaps of less knowledge, to play the heroic part of knocking it on the head.

Education—too little, yet too much—has brought with it the curse of doubt in our forefathers' simple religious faith. They had an exact idea as to what would happen to them after death, and so they did not fear death.

COWARDICE AND SELFISHNESS.

We have allowed our minds to speculate on the subject, with the result that we dread death above all things. Hence, if need be, we are ready to prove ourselves cowards if that will save our lives from danger.

The final cause of cowardice is individual temperament. Some men are born so selfish that their own personal interests remain as the sole motive of their lives. From their standpoint, an act of courage is an act of folly, in that it is for the benefit of someone other than themselves.

What does it matter to them if they are branded as cowards, provided they are allowed to go on in their own way, increasing their banking accounts and enjoying their pleasures?

Such men are the dregs of our civilisation. Would that we could revert to the old fighting, barbarous days just long enough for them all to be killed off! The world would then be a better place to sojourn upon. C. WOLFF, B.A.

STRENUOUS DENIAL.

Mr. Justice Grantham is fond of relating a little incident which happened at a political meeting some years ago.

In his earlier days, and, of course, before he took his seat on the Bench, he was an ardent politician, and he was on this particular occasion addressing a very mixed gathering in support of the Conservative candidate.

He had just given his most telling argument when a man jumped up at the back of the hall and shouted: "It's a lie!"

"Thanks for your opinion," replied the speaker laconically.

"It's a lie!" repeated the interrupter.

"My friend," said Mr. Grantham, "you are, I can see, a gentleman."

"It's a lie!" shouted the objector, whose wrath had prevented his hearing exactly what had last been said. "I tell you it's a downright lie!"

"It is," admitted Mr. Grantham, as soon as the laughter had subsided enough to allow him to be heard.

STRAIGHT TIPS FOR INVENTORS.

DEFINITE GOALS TO WORK FOR.

Perhaps the chief reason why inventors fail, as a rule, to make money out of their ideas, is that they devise something for which there is not sufficient demand. I have therefore made exhaustive inquiries in many branches of industry to find out exactly what is wanted.

"At the present moment we are doing our best to discover two things," said an electrician. "One is a method of hardening copper like steel; the other is to find a more economical way of making electricity from coal."

"If copper in its pure state could be tempered like steel, the inventor of the process would draw princely revenues from every producer of electricity in the country, and it will be done some day, for we know that the Aztecs forged copper instruments hard enough to cut iron; but we have lost the secret."

"To take the other matter; at present we use coal to produce steam, and make that drive our dynamos, which finally produce the electric current. In each of these processes there is so much energy wasted that not more than a tenth of the electricity contained in the coal is secured. If the method could be made more direct, think of the saving."

"There is even a more ambitious idea still, namely, to gather electricity direct from the earth, but that must be a thing of the very distant future."

The chairman of a motor manufacturing company was the next to be interviewed. "It's still the old story," he said; "for the past ten years we have been trying to make pneumatic tyres puncture-proof, but we have not succeeded. In the case of motors we have, it is true, made great strides in this matter, as they are able to overcome the difficulty of weight and to take leather bands. But I am hopeful that some day we shall find a method of saving the tyres that will be equally applicable to cycles."

"It will be accomplished, I think, by some sort of elastic varnish, with which the inside of the tube will be coated. If a puncture occurs, a drop of this varnish will immediately be forced by the air pressure into the hole."

"This idea has been already worked on, and several liquids have been produced to accomplish the object, but none of them has been satisfactory."

"Inventors should turn their minds to the improvement of the potato," said a Midland farmer. "Most of us have grown potatoes so long that the ground is fed up with them, and we hardly have a field of them but shows some sign of disease. If a potato could be produced that would take up from the earth elements different from those already removed there would be a fortune for the man who brought it out."

"What is wanted in my line," remarked a business man, "is a wireless telephone, and we'll get it yet. At present we have to pay a ridiculous price for our office telephones, mainly because of the expense of the wires and the upkeep of the exchanges."

"The next great invention," said the manager of an engineering works, "will be the application of the turbine system to petrol engines. It should not be very difficult to manage, and it will give twice the power with about half the petrol. Vibration will cease, and the petrol will be more thoroughly consumed, so that there will be far less smell."

"We must find a cheaper way of making paper," said a large manufacturer. "Already practically the whole supply of esparto grass has been used up, and the timber available is rapidly following suit. If we can't find a substitute, and that within a few years, many of our smaller publications will have to stop altogether. There is a fortune here for the lucky inventor."

If any reader has an idea for the solution of one of these problems let him apply to a reliable firm in that particular line.

E. H. COLBOURNE.



The SOLVER

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DRAMATIC COMPLETE
STORIES.

By H. CLAY-
BUCKINGHAM.

IV. THE CRIEFF MYSTERY.



One Friday afternoon a message from Page reached me at the office, asking whether I could accompany him

to Scotland by the 8 o'clock train that night.

I sent back my assurance that I should be happy to do so, and dispatched a boy for the early editions of the evening papers to see whether I could find the new case on which he was engaged.

Subsequent events proved me right in assuming that a paragraph headed "A Crieff Mystery" dealt with Page's latest case.

The report merely stated that a man named Younger, head keeper to Mr. Whitburn, of Tillybeg Castle, near Crieff, had been murdered at ten o'clock on the previous evening. It was presumed that he had been shot by poachers, but no details were yet to hand.

During the journey north, Page chatted about sport, and more than once I tried to turn the conversation to poachers and thence to the present case, but he refused to be drawn. I have never known him give himself away by forming theories without sufficient data.

When we reached Crieff Junction on the Saturday morning, we found that Mr. Whitburn himself had come with a motor-car to meet us, for Tillybeg Castle was some ten miles distant from the station. As we traversed the wild roads, overhung by gnarled firs, and with beetling hills above us, it seemed to me that the grandeur of nature as the Scotchman sees it made the mystery, which had so far engrossed my thoughts, appear commonplace and trivial.

Too soon we reached the castle, and, when we had breakfasted, Mr. Whitburn took us into his library and recounted for our benefit the details of the case.

"My son James," he said, "had been spending Thursday evening at a farm in the vicinity, and was returning about ten o'clock, when suddenly he heard a shot fired in a thicket between the house and the roadway. Poachers are by no means unknown in the district, and it has been the aim of myself and my keepers to stamp them out as far as we can.

"My son supposed that the shot had been fired by poachers at some roosting pheasants, so he made his way as cautiously as possible into the thicket in order to catch them.

"He had just got to the edge of it when he heard a second shot, and then followed the sound of running footsteps and the crushing of undergrowth.

"My son's progress was delayed considerably, for there is no path at the side where he was attempting to make an entrance, but he was determined to catch the fugitives and so he pushed on.

"Suddenly, however, he stopped, for when he reached a small clearing he discovered to his horror the body of a man stretched full length upon the ground face downward.

"He struck a match and examined it, recognising in a moment that it was Younger, our head keeper, and that he had been shot in the back. It did not require much examination to show that the man was quite dead, but the delay had effectually assisted the poachers to escape, for my son could not now hear the faintest sound

of their retreating footsteps.

"He came right back to the castle and brought me out of bed. Accompanied by some of the servants, we went to the thicket, but before we reached it we were

astonished to see a bright light coming from the direction of Younger's cottage.

"As we approached nearer we saw that the building was in flames. By my orders we let the fire take its course because our first duty was to the man who had been shot, and by the time that we had satisfied ourselves that he was beyond human aid, the cottage had been practically demolished.

"The poachers must have had some grudge against him and have fired his cottage. I am not certain that they actually intended to murder him, for, if they meant to do that, why should they trouble burning his house. I feel convinced that they had met him accidentally and that, finding escape cut off, they shot him."

"Did anyone besides your son James hear the reports of the guns?" Page asked.

"I do not think so," replied Mr. Whitburn. "Younger's death has caused such a sensation in the district that any evidence likely to be forthcoming would have reached me or the police before this time."

"When did you communicate with the police?"

"Not till the Friday morning," was the reply. "There is just one policeman in the village down there, and he is quite incompetent to tackle a case like this. We waited till the morning and then sent for the superintendent of the Crieff police."

"Did you have any watch kept upon the thicket during the night?"

"No," said Mr. Whitburn. "Why should we? We removed the body to the castle here and left the thicket to look after itself. It was hardly likely that the poachers would come back."

"They might have come to remove evidence," said Page. "It is a pity no one kept watch."

Mr. Whitburn invited us to be his guests during the progress of our investigations, but in my heart I felt that these would not be completed before business necessitated my return to London. The country seemed to have been designed for the safe hiding of malefactors, and I could well imagine that a poacher could conceal himself for weeks amongst these majestic hills, living on the produce of his gun and seeing no human face.

Mr. Whitburn conducted us to the thicket where the tragedy had taken place, but Page decided not to make his examination just then.

"I want to find out what can be learnt at that little village down in the glen," he said. "We'll come back here afterwards."

And at that our host left us.

The village, or as they call it in these parts, the clachan, was nearly two miles distant, but we found there some information that repaid us for the walk.

We posed as English tourists who had happened to hear of the murder and were naturally interested in it, and from the local innkeeper, and some loafers who were drinking with him in the bar, we learned that James Whitburn, who was the only person who appeared to have heard the shots, had always shown a marked antipathy to his father's head keeper.

It was known that he had time and again endeavoured to persuade his father to get another man in his place.

While we were in the inn, an old man entered and sat down, and the landlord whispered to us that he probably knew more about poaching than anybody else in the district.

"What I want to know," said the new arrival, "is where the murderers went to. They didn't come here or some of us would have seen them, and they'd no be likely to take the Crieff road when once the crime was discovered. Don't look at me like that," he added, as he observed Page watching him closely. "It wasn't me. I

was at home in bed, as my old woman can testify."

On our return to the vicinity of the castle we went straight to the thicket.

It was divided from the roadway by a barbed wire fence, and the ground on the thicket side of this fence was badly drained and spongy.

Page examined the spikes of the wire in the hope of finding some trace of the fugitive's clothing, but nothing could be discovered, nor was there so much as a single footprint in the mud.

I should think that altogether he spent quite an hour searching about, not only in the clearing where the body had been found, but also amongst the briars beside it.

His discoveries were extremely interesting, although they did not put me any nearer to an elucidation of the mystery.

The first was a piece of cloth, about two inches square, wet and torn at the edges. The second was some black earth upon the grass beneath a tree.

Page took a handful of the grass on which the earth was scattered, and, when he pulled the turf came up easily in his hand. Another and another piece came likewise.

Then, cutting a branch from a tree, he pointed it with his knife and, using it to dig with, unearthed the body of a black retriever dog.

Its spine was broken and its coat marked as if a gun had been fired at it from very close quarters. There were plenty of footmarks round about the clearing, but presumably they were those of the police and the others who had been there since the tragedy took place.

On our return to the castle, Page asked Mr. Whitburn whether the keeper had a dog, and was informed that his dog had been missing since the time of his master's death.

The afternoon and evening Page spent in tramping through the heather, admiring the magnificent scenery, and incidentally walking me off my feet. He seemed to have dismissed the case wholly from his mind.

We retired to our rooms early that night, and on the following morning Page and I went for a walk down the glen.

The bell of the clachan church was summoning the people to worship, and we seated ourselves on a rock to listen to it.

Presently we descried the figure of a man approaching from the direction in which we had come, and as he drew nearer we saw that it was Mr. Whitburn.

"Have you discovered the murderer?" he asked when he came up to us.

"Yes," said Page. "Why did you kill the man, Mr. Whitburn?"

"God help me!" cried our host, the colour vanishing from his face. "I might have known you would find me out, but a guilty conscience prompted me to have you down in order that it might seem I was taking every step to discover the assassin.

"I may as well explain my motives, gentlemen," he continued. "When I was a young man I fell into the hands of a gang of racing sharps, and they persuaded me to steal from my employer. I did so, they spent the money, and I got three months' imprisonment.

"The lesson was a sharp one. When I came out of prison I changed my name, ran straight, and finally made the fortune with which I have bought this place.

"My past life was a thing forgotten—twenty years ago. Younger, who had been one of my gang and who knew my secret, found me and came to blackmail me.

"To buy his silence I gave him the post office head keeper with a large salary and only nominal duties, but he continued to extort from me immense sums of money.

"At last in desperation I determined to kill him!

"I sent a note asking him to meet me in the thicket at ten o'clock, and as soon as he left his cottage I slipped in and set it alight to destroy his papers if he should have left any concerning

he indiscretion of my youth.
 "Then I stole into the thicket and shot him.
 "Through the smoke of my gun his retriever
 dashed at me, and I was obliged to shoot
 her too. I flung her carcass into the bushes,
 and made back for the castle, where my son
 found me in bed.

"Shortly after midnight I stole out again with
 a spade and a lantern and buried the dog.
 "It was bad enough to be blackmailed; it's
 worse to be a murderer."

"Look out!" cried Page, and I saw Mr.
 Whitburn draw a revolver from his pocket, but
 it was against himself and not us that he turned

When Page had examined the body and
 assured himself that life was extinct, I asked
 him to explain how he had arrived at his con-
 clusions.

"That little bit of cloth was the key to the
 mystery," he said. "I tried it all over my
 clothes and finally decided that it could have
 been torn only from the upper part of a waist-
 coat, for it showed a little bit of the seam of the
 pocket."

"This theory was borne out by the dog hav-
 ing been shot in the hindquarters, which was
 the only place where a man who had a dog
 hanging on to his vest could shoot it without
 danger to himself. The brute had probably
 made for his throat, but had fallen short owing
 to his stepping back."

"Because of the absence of footmarks on the
 patch between the thicket and the road,
 I had already come to the conclusion that the
 crime had been committed by someone in the
 family."

"Yesterday evening, while you and Mr.
 Whitburn were playing billiards, I slipped up
 to James Whitburn's room, for he is still in
 the habit of making arrangements for the sheriff's
 party. I carefully examined his vests, but
 did not discover any that had been torn."

"Then I slipped into his father's dressing-
 room, and there in a drawer in the wardrobe I
 found a vest of exactly the same cloth as this
 rag and with a hole in it which fits exactly.
 "It has always been my experience that a
 criminal makes some mistake if the police could
 find it. Mr. Whitburn made two; first, he
 put that vest in the wardrobe instead of burning
 it, and, second, he sent for me."

Another of these remarkable stories will appear
 next week.—ED.]

GOING OUT AT NIGHT.

A lady who makes some pretensions as a
 London hostess, remarked that she found it
 increasingly difficult to get young men to attend
 the dances which she is fond of giving.

"Similar complaints have been voiced in the
 papers from time to time, and it cannot be
 denied that the young men of to-day care less
 about going out to evening functions than did
 their fathers."

The reason is not far to seek. If a man is to
 spend a brilliant evening, to appear at his best,
 and to enjoy himself thoroughly, he must have
 a lazy day in front of it, and there must
 be no call for him to get up the following morn-
 ing before noon. That was the system
 of life followed by the fashionable school of the
 last generation, but it is not our plan.

Our days are strenuous. Those of us who
 have to work for our living are busy for as many
 hours as possible in order that we may earn as
 much money as we can; those to whom money
 comes in consideration of work hard at politics or some-
 thing else from the promptings of ambition. We
 all work hard in one way or another, and con-
 sequently we have small inclination to attend
 to dinners in the evening.

In this we have a striking reply to those who
 are against the decadence of the times. Work
 is the finest thing a man can do, and here we
 have a proof that as a nation we are doing it.
 After the office or the workshop the young man
 of to-day spends his leisure in resting or in
 improving his health by athletic exercise.

BUS BANTER



Pointed axioms and acute replies fly loose about the world.
 —JOHNSON.

In the Strand, not very long ago, an enor-
 mously stout old gentleman, walking along with
 great effort, but at a snail's pace, got in the way
 of a 'bus, on the front seat of which the writer
 was sitting.

"Now then, Tommy Trundle, hurry up
 there!" called the driver.

"Can't you see I'm hurrying?" asked the old
 gentleman nervously.

"Oh, yes, you're hurrying," came the retort.
 "Dancin' about like a bit of stickin'-plaster,
 that's what you're a-doin'!"

It is with such little gleams of humour that
 the 'busman lightens the labours of his lengthy
 day, and relieves the monotony of traversing the
 same streets again and again.

THE TREASURED BAG.

On another occasion I heard a 'bus-driver
 bring humiliation to a rather dandified young
 man.

Thus: The 'bus was bowling along at a smart
 trot when there crossed in front of it a young
 man who was, I should imagine, a clerk in a
 very good post.

On his shoulder he had a long cylindrical
 canvas bag, containing presumably some of his
 Territorial kit, for he seemed rather proud of the
 notice bestowed on it by the passers-by.

Just when he was in front of the 'bus he let
 this bag fall in the mud, and, heedless of the
 danger, made a grab at it to save it from being
 trampled on by the horses.

Only by a jarring application of the brakes did
 the driver manage to avoid running him down,
 and he considered that he had a distinct
 grievance.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty boy!" he shouted.
 "Goin' droppin' the family wash in the dirt like
 that! What will your mamma say when she gets
 you home?"

A NEAT SNUB.

One wet day, when the streets were slimy, a
 dapper little man, who might have jumped out
 of a comic paper, hailed a 'bus half way up a
 steepish incline.

He was, I should think, little over four feet
 in height, but his estimate of his own importance
 was in no wise commensurate with his inches.

The driver, being a fairly humane person,
 rather resented the unnecessary strain on the
 horses which re-starting in such a place would
 entail.

Moreover he considered the little passenger to
 be physically capable of jumping on at the rate
 the 'bus was going.

But the little passenger thought otherwise.

"Stop, driver!" he shouted, waving his
 umbrella. "Stop! I insist upon it! Can't
 you see I want to board your 'bus?"

"Oh, yes, sir," says the driver with exag-
 gerated politeness, "I can see you with the
 naked eye."

Another driver was unlucky enough to have
 a couple of lazy nags.

"Poor things!" said an old lady who sat be-
 hind him. "I believe they are tired."

"Bless you, no, ma'am," came
 the retort. "It's the wheels
 that's tired."

The average 'bus-driver cannot
 resist the temptation to make any
 clergyman who may be riding on his 'bus believe
 that he is a very wicked person indeed.

A driver who plies between the Bank and
 Putney picked up a curate outside St. Paul's,
 and, observing that the newcomer had taken a
 seat directly behind him, he at once began to
 use stronger language than usual to his horses.

Of course, the curate remonstrated.

"Ah, sir," sighed the driver, "havin' to cuss
 is one of the drawbacks of my profession. With
 them two young 'uns it's an absolute necessity.
 If I didn't keep cussin' them they'd bolt. I
 believe the offside's a-goin' to try it now. Whoa,
 ye —! See how that calms him down, sir!"

HIS FAVOURITE FODDER.

Our 'bus overtook another in Oxford-Street
 one day, for the other was moving with un-
 common slowness.

"Ave they run off with you again?" asked
 our driver, as he pulled away from his defeated
 rival.

There was no reply.

"Why don't you take them home," he con-
 tinued, "and give them a bun each—and a glass
 o' milk?"

The point became obvious when he volunteered
 the information: "E's one o' them T.T.'s, sir,
 and 'e's always tellin' us 'ow milk is more nour-
 ishing than any product of grain."

The satire is not always so one-sided as this,
 however.

One 'bus overtook another and the axle-ends
 just tapped for a moment, though no damage
 was done.

"Wot are you a tryin' to do?" inquired the
 driver of the slower 'bus scowling darkly.

"I was tryin' to think wot your face reminded
 me of," said the other. "I'll have a look in the
 zoological book when I get home, and see."

"You mean the family album, I suppose," said
 the first, and the dialogue ended there.

It is when the driver of a horse-'bus sees a
 motor-'bus broken down that he musters his
 bitterest jibes.

"Would my whip be of any use to you?" is a
 favourite query under such circumstances, and
 "As it gone off the boil again?" is a sort of
 variant.

SWEET MEMORIES.

A motor-'bus kept for some time just in front
 of a horse-'bus I was in. The driver lost pati-
 ence at last and shouted to the conductor of his
 modern rival:

"As a favour, sir, would you mind movin' off.
 The smell of your scent factory puts my 'osses
 in mind of the new-mown hay and the hawthorn
 hedges they once loved so well, and it nearly
 breaks their pore hearts!"

To the credit of 'busmen as a class, they are
 very seldom guilty of cadging from passengers.

They like to chat with anyone, and they are
 quite prepared to accept a smoke or the price
 of a drink, but it is very rarely that they drop
 a hint that either of these things would be
 acceptable.

But there are, of course, exceptions. I was
 chatting one day with a driver, and he twisted
 the conversation round to the depression in trade
 —in his own trade especially.

"Things ain't what they was," he said. "I
 remember the day when a gent would never
 have thought of speaking to me without tipping
 me something for remembrance sake, but there
 ain't none o' that now!"

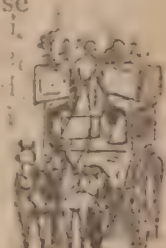
HIS EXPENSES.

The hint was obvious and I resented it,
 although it had been my previous intention to
 give him something when we parted.

"You're better off than many," I said. "It
 puzzles me what you do with all your money."

"Oh," he answered, "I run a houseboat on
 the Thames, you know, and a yacht at Cowes,
 and what's over I give away in the sweet cause
 of charity."

I thought I had rounded him up, but no.
 S. BRAZIER.





A TRUE TALE OF LONDON.

By STUART FREEMAN.

"He ought to be here by this time," said the man. "Are you sure you gave him the right address?"

"Perfectly sure," the woman replied. "Don't be impatient—he'll come right enough."

"Well," said the man, "I hope he will. I've left that part of the business in your hands, and it's trouble for you if he doesn't. Be sure and get him with his face to the screen when you light the magnesium wire. A photograph of the back of his head won't do us any good."

"Look out!" cried the woman. "There goes a knock at the door. In behind the screen with you!"

A moment later the old woman who rented the house and made her living by letting the various rooms separately, tapped lightly on the door of the apartment the Masseys occupied and ushered in a stranger, who advanced at once and shook Mrs. Massey by the hand.

"It's a real pleasure to meet you again," she remarked when the landlady had closed the door behind her. "Just look what I've found in the cupboard. It must have been left there by the last tenant."

She lifted a little tin box from the mantel-shelf and drew forth a coil of flat magnesium wire.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the stranger. "Don't worry with that stuff. It's what they use for taking photographs by night. Don't waste time with that."

"It's not wasting time if it amuses me," replied Mrs. Massey gaily. "I've been burning little bits of it all the evening. Just look how brightly it flashes up."

She crossed towards the draughtscreen, held a scrap of the wire between her fingers and applied a match to it. The stranger turned in the direction of the screen to look at her, and just as the light flashed up he might have heard, had his ears been acute, the sharp click of a camera shutter which was pointed at him through a hole in the canvas.

"Don't fool with that stuff," said the stranger. "Come and sit down at the fire beside me."

He seated himself in an arm chair in front of the fire, and Mrs. Massey sat down on a stool at his feet.

She saw her husband creep silently from behind the draughtscreen till he stood with arm uplifted above the stranger's head, but the winsome, babyish smile never left her face.

Then came the crash as an iron bar smashed down upon the visitor's skull, and his body rolled from the chair to the floor. The tenant beneath started at the sound, but he was not unaccustomed to similar disturbances, and resumed his work.

"So far good," said John Massey. "Now we must examine him and make a careful inventory of the contents of his pockets."

The examination was thorough, for they even observed that the loop on their victim's coat collar bore the name of a Newcastle tailor, and they cut it off. When all preparations had been made they threw the window up, watched till the tow-path between the house and the canal was quite deserted, and then they carried the body downstairs and slipped it into the muddy

and evil-smelling waters.

In the earlier editions of the evening papers next day appeared the following paragraph:

ANOTHER CANAL MYSTERY.

"This morning the police found the body of a man in Regent's Canal. There was an ugly mark on the back of the head, but it is believed that this must have been caused by some passing barge. There is no suggestion of foul play, as a considerable sum of money has been found in the pockets. Apparently

the man must have had a kind of premonition that he would meet his end in some tragic manner, for in one of his breast pockets there was a card bearing the words: 'If anything should ever happen to me, this is to inform whom it may concern that I am John Massey of New York.'"

Within an hour from the publication of this paragraph Mrs. Massey presented herself at the gate of the mortuary. She was dressed in black, her face was very white, and her eyes would have drawn sympathy from the hardest heart.

"I have come to identify my husband's body," she said. "He disappeared from home two days ago, and I gather from the papers that his body has been found."

The keeper of the mortuary was polite and sympathetic, but, as is the custom, he requested the woman to furnish him with full particulars of identification before permitting her to view the body.

For a newly-made widow she was remarkably collected and business like. She stated that her husband's eyes were blue, that he had a brown birthmark on the back of his neck, that he ought to have certain letters and theatre programmes in his pocket, and she described his clothes.

Then she clinched matters by producing the photograph which John Massey had taken of their victim, and thus she established to the satisfaction of the authorities the identity of the man who had been taken from the canal.

Though they were not yet quite through the wood, John Massey and his wife indulged that night in a little whistling.

"£50,000 is the biggest scoop we've ever had yet," said the man, "and there's no doubt but what it will come off all right. You see, the doctor who examined me in New York can't possibly come across to see this body, because the police would not keep it unburied all that time. In fact there is nobody in London who knows me as John Massey, and consequently nobody who can say that this body is not that of your loving husband."

"That's all right," his wife replied, "and I think we've managed it very well; but you ought to go and live somewhere else till the business is settled. Though nobody knows you, I think you are taking a risk in keeping with me."

"No risk in the world," the man replied. "I shall pass as your brother, assisting you to transact your negotiations with the company, and generally sympathising with you in your troubles."

Mrs. Massey had already telegraphed to the New York company, informing them that her husband had been found drowned, and the company cabled to Mr. Asher, a London solicitor, to look into the matter on their behalf, for £50,000 was a sum of importance even to a big corporation.

Next morning the solicitor called upon Mrs. Massey and was introduced by her to her supposed brother. She repeated to him the same story which she had already given the mortuary authorities. She even handed over the snapshot photograph so that the lawyer might compare it with the face of the dead man and satisfy himself as to the two people being one and the same.

Mr. Asher, who had had some experience in

insurance cases, was not inclined to take anything for granted, and so he examined the body and compared its features with those depicted in the snapshot with a wholly unprejudiced mind.

But there was no getting away from the fact. The photograph was unquestionably that of the man who lay on the slab before him, and so he telegraphed to the Transatlantic Insurance Company that day that there could be no doubt as to the identification of the body and that he was fully satisfied that the claim was a genuine one.

The only excuse on which the insurance company could dispute payment would be if the coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide, but there was no evidence in support of such a verdict, and the jury declared that the body had simply been "Found drowned."

This further information was telegraphed by Mr. Asher to the company, and the Masseys flattered themselves that they had simply to wait for the arrival of the cheque.

The logical and scientific manner in which they had planned the whole business out, almost deserved success; but it has been my experience that the cleverest criminals always forget some little point, leave some danger unprovided for.

Such was the case here.

The thing happened some months before the financial crisis in America, and at that time the insurance company chiefly concerned was looking out for new worlds to conquer, and had fixed on Great Britain for a start. Consequently they had established a small office as an experiment in Liverpool, and had stored in it duplicate photographs of all the people who were insured with them for large sums.

It was a wise precaution.

These facts the Masseys had no means of knowing, nor did Mr. Asher himself have any idea that such a ready means of identification was at his disposal. When, therefore, the Liverpool agent of the company sent him a photograph of John Massey, he was much surprised to find that it did not correspond with the features of the man found drowned, but he saw at once with whose features it did correspond, and they were those of the man who was passing himself off as Mrs. Massey's brother.

As has been said, Mr. Asher had had some experience in insurance cases, and so he laid the matter before the authorities at Scotland Yard.

The police bethought themselves that the information the woman had been able to give concerning the body had been remarkably accurate, so accurate that it almost appeared as if she had had a hand in arranging the facts before describing them; so they carefully examined the descriptions of all the people who had been reported to them as missing during the past week.

One of these seemed to correspond fairly closely with the man whose body Mrs. Massey had identified as that of her husband. The name of this missing man was Peter Hibbert, a native of Newcastle who had come to London on a holiday.

Putting two and two together, they considered the arrest of the Masseys to be justifiable, and consequently four detectives were dispatched to apprehend them, but when they reached the nest they found that the birds had flown.

They had failed to get the money certainly, but they were still wanted for the murder, and the search was kept up, but without result.

Then one night a barge owner found two bodies in the canal not very far from where Hibbert's had been discovered. They were those of Massey and his wife. On the woman there was no mark, but in the throat of the man there was such a wound as might have been caused by a hat pin.

I believe the woman had killed him in some fit of jealousy, and then in contrition carried his body to the canal and flung herself in beside it. But the police never give an inquest any evidence reflecting on the character of the person deceased, and so the murder of Peter Hibbert remains to this day a mystery—officially.

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What You Wish.

Library Nuisances



BY A LIBRARIAN.

In the public library where I work there is a plague of loafers, and I have observed the same thing in the libraries of other towns.

They straggle into the reading room about seven each evening, and stick there till we ring the turning out bell at ten o'clock.

They hardly ever read the evening papers, for these are on frames; they choose the tables instead, where they can have a comfortable seat and a magazine to look at.

Sometimes there are so many of these idlers that all the entertaining magazines and papers are monopolised, and on such occasions I have seen a frowsy weary-willie pretending to read one of the stodgiest scientific reviews, which must have been all Greek to him.

DRASTIC RULES NEEDED.

They don't care very much what paper they get, as long as they have an excuse for sitting there.

I am not uncharitable, but I think some regulation is needed authorising librarians to turn out these frowsies. Public libraries are meant to spread education and to act as a counter-attraction to the public-house, but they were never intended to be a paradise for the loafer.

They keep the decent working man away in the evenings, they soil and tear the papers, and every night the room reeks with the stench of them, as if it were an ill-kept lodging-house.

As things stand I can't keep them away, but I take the law into my own hands when they fall asleep. At the first snore I grasp its author gently but firmly by the shoulder, and guide him to the door.

Next on my list of nuisances I would put the young hooligans. Though we have an age limit in the reference department, there is no such restriction in the reading room, and boys of from ten to fifteen—errand boys and apprentices mostly—troop in in little gangs every evening.

YOUTHFUL PESTS.

They cluster about the newspaper frames close to the door, and, as soon as I am at the other end of the room, they emit blood-curdling yells and dash out to the street.

It's no good to chase them, because they always see to it that they have the length of the room as a start, but I have often tried to devise a scheme for stopping their little game for they are a great nuisance to the studious readers, but I have not so far succeeded.

Silence-breakers are not always ill-intentioned, however.

Not infrequently a couple of little boys will make a circuit of the room, glancing at one paper and another; then when they are at the far end they will suddenly become horribly self-conscious, imagining that all the many readers are looking at them. Then they giggle and bolt for the door at top speed.

I don't worry about such cases as these, for the youngsters have generally had too great a fright to return in a hurry.

We have to guard against more attempts to damage the ratepayers' property than you would suppose.

Of the morning papers which advertise situa-

tions we have to take special care. The out-of-work comes to the reading room first thing in the morning and scans the announcements till he finds something he thinks likely; then, in many cases, he cuts out the advertisement with a knife, so that others may not see it.

The idea is not a bad one, for by this method he greatly reduces the possible number of applicants and so increases his own chances, but it is a mean trick all the same.

COUPON STEALING.

Certain weekly papers which run competitions and print a coupon, suffer in the same way. Our invariable custom is to cancel all such coupons with the library stamp, but even when so marked they are often stolen.

The man who writes things on the margins of papers is another person who ought to be boiled in oil.

Some people simply can't keep their pencils off the paper whenever they see an assertion that runs counter to their own views. Their notes might be a great acquisition to the publication, but the chances are that the next reader holds the same views as those expressed in the paper, and he comes to me with indignant protests against my having allowed these foolish comments to be written.

"Allowed" is a stinging word, when I spend half my time trying to suppress the nuisance.

I remember one occasion when I had much trouble in this respect.

A certain weekly, which is exclusively devoted to the doings of fashionable celebrities, was never on the table a day till it was pencilled all over with annotations.

"Lord Elphus has just left for the Continent," the print would inform an interested public, and there would be a pencilled asterisk at the end of the sentence, with another at the foot of the page, and this note: "With the money he has squeezed from the working man."

HOW I FOUND THE CULPRIT.

The surest way to find the culprit would have been to watch that table as soon as a fresh number of the paper was put down, but this was impossible, as my work often took me to other parts of the room.

At length I began to suspect a certain man with long black hair and a soft hat, so one day I went up to him.

"We are adding some new publications to our list," I said. "Would you care to suggest any?"

He at once wrote the name of a socialist organ, and I took the slip to my desk and compared it with a pencilled copy of the paper in question. The writing was identical.

I did not see that there would have been any advantage in handing him over to the police, as I might have done. I just dealt with the matter off my own bat.

"Look here," I said, "I have now got ample proof that you are responsible for these pencil marks. If I see you in this library again, I shall immediately place the matter in the hands of the authorities."

But he has never returned, and now the dukes and duchesses may visit the Continent without comment.

CRIMINAL STUDENTS.

The up-to-date criminal is another objectionable frequenter of the public library. I remember once a man asking my assistance in the reference library. He said he was a journalist and was compiling an article on coiners. Could I supply him with any books on the subject?

I handed him all the standard works on counterfeiting, and even went to the trouble of hunting up the index to periodical literature and finding for him all the important articles on coining which had been published during the last few years.

The next I heard of him was a month later, when his portrait appeared in the papers after his arrest as the head of a coining gang.

Since then I have been more cautious in assisting budding journalists to write articles on crime.

C. M. CORNELL.

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"'The Modern Physician' ought to be in every household in the land, and it is certainly no fault of yours should it not be so, for the price at which it is published is reasonable, and the terms of subscription exceptionally easy."

Mr. A. H. Hart, 18, Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames:

"Three things especially impress me; its up-to-date character, the simplicity of the language used, and its practical value. It is creditable alike to editor and publisher. I am proud to possess such a work."

A FREE BOOKLET.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, illustrated booklet on "The Modern Physician," and particulars of your plan whereby the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning "The Modern Man.")

Address

A REMARKABLE BOOK FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Efficiency is the note of the day in the business world, and in the "Business Encyclopædia" the practical man will find the means to this end.

FOR THE YOUNG MAN.

The "Business Encyclopædia" is indispensable to the young man. All contrary opinions notwithstanding, the financial prospects for well-informed men were never so good as they are now. But the young man who rises is the one who, as well as having every detail of his work at his fingers' ends, is always a point ahead. In the "Business Encyclopædia" the ambitious man will find every detail relating to the hundreds of matters on which he wishes to inform himself in order to increase his value in the commercial market.

TO THE MATURE BUSINESS MAN

the "Business Encyclopædia" will prove equally valuable. With this work beside him, the most diffident man may acquire confidence in his own capability, and proceeding to put his ideas into practice, may make of his business life a sure success. The man who wants to succeed in business must have specialised business knowledge.

The "Business Encyclopædia" supplies a want that was becoming acute in the Business World. There is no other work published on similar lines. It is indispensable to the man who means to succeed, whether as clerk, cashier, shopkeeper, tradesman, accountant, or manager of a business, great or small.

Every article is a Business article, and when it is pointed out that there are 12,000 references in the index, it will be obvious that every detail connected with Business is dealt with, and that all matters in question can be turned up with extraordinary facility.

WHAT 1s. 6d. WILL DO.

For one-and-sixpence this great work is delivered complete; the man who acquires it will find he cannot do without it before he has had it a week. He will be constantly referring to it, and as constantly acquiring knowledge that will be of priceless value in increasing his business knowledge and efficiency.

THREE OPINIONS.

1. Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Bristol.

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is THE work par excellence for every business man."

2. A Tradesman's Opinion.

Mr. W. E. Robertson, Tobacconist, Chepstow Road, Newport, Mon.: "I am highly pleased with the 'Business Encyclopædia.' The volumes are remarkably cheap, and your system does not in any way savour of the hire system; it is an ordinary business transaction, in which a business man gets a very long credit."

3. A Clerk's Opinion.

Mr. G. W. Marsh, Cashier, Finsbury Park Road, London, N.: "I have only had the 'Business Encyclopædia' a short time, but I have already found it very useful, especially in my capacity as bookkeeper and cashier."

A FREE BOOK.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, "The Practical Book," giving fullest particulars as to the "Business Encyclopædia," specimens of the illustrations, and all information as to your offer to deliver the complete work for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments.

Name
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning "The Modern Man.")

Address

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H.
SAUNDERS.



BOOT LACES.

With the appearance of the boots the laces have much to do. The well-dressed man will not dream of a knotted lace, be the fracture never so skilfully hidden between the two lowest holes; neither will he retain a lace that is frayed, even if he has to bolt his breakfast because of the extra time taken in changing it.

He should go even further than this; he should discard laces that are merely faded.

Particularly in the case of brown laces is the colour of importance. Wet, and even the action of the sun, bleaches the lace till it presents a sickly hue and makes the whole boot look shabby. With black laces the light produces in time a shade of green, which combines unbecomingly with the shininess that comes from the carelessly applied brush of your boot-cleaner.

At the first symptoms of faded beauty the laces should be thrown away; they don't cost much. Buy them by the dozen, as you ought to buy your back collar studs, and you will not find yourself obliged to spoil the appearance of your boots with shabby laces.

FOR HEAVY BOOTS.

For heavy walking boots, whether brown or black, leather laces look best, and they have the extra merit of not getting shabby till they reach breaking point. You can get a pair of black leather laces for a penny, but the cheapest in brown of the same material cost threepence, while those of porpoise hide, in either colour, run you in for sixpence.

In each case you make a good bargain, for the threepenny browns outlast three pairs of mohair, while the porpoise are still presentable when eight or nine pairs of mohair would have been worn successively to the verge of shabbiness.

THE REPAIRING TAILOR.

Some little time ago while beagling I was unlucky enough to tear the tail of a new jacket as I scrambled over a barbed wire fence. The accident was the more unfortunate as it was the very first day I had ever worn this particular jacket. When I returned to town I bethought me of a repairing tailor who keeps a small shop in a mean street, not far from my rooms.

Darning tears I did not suppose would be a speciality of my own tailors, and I had heard from a friend of the marvellous skill of these small repairing tradesmen, so I sent him my coat that night and next morning called round to see what he could for it.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'll bet you a shilling that you can't tell me where the cut was once I have finished with it. My charge for mending will be one-and-sixpence."

That same evening the coat was returned to me, and, as it was absolutely impossible for me to tell where the tear had been, I handed over the amount of my wager as well as the cost of the work.

HOW HE WORKS.

In settling up my debts with him, sporting and otherwise, I asked how he managed to make such a very neat repair, and he explained that he had carefully darned the edges together with silk of the colour of the material, keeping the threads well out of sight, as otherwise they would have caught the light and betrayed their presence. The surface he finished off with a very fine woollen thread of the exact colour of the coat.

I was so pleased with the way in which he executed this my first commission, that I sent him three old suits which I had laid aside in a drawer, intending to give them away. He charged me three-and-six for repairing each of them; this included removing all stains, pressing them into their former shape, banishing all shininess, and turning in the trousers a quarter of an inch at the bottom where they had begun to wear thin.

I do not, of course, pretend that these suits are really as good as new, but they will be exceedingly useful to me at odd times for many months to come.

DRY CLEANING.

This leads me on to the subject of dry cleaning. Once upon a time I sent a grey tweed suit to be dry cleaned.

It seemed a very good investment of the four or five shillings which the cleaners demanded, if the suit were, as they promised, to be returned to me in exactly the same condition as when I first bought it. But, alack and alas, I would have done better had I spent my five shillings on cigars, for I was never able to wear the suit again.

The buttonholes had been done in black thread originally, but they were now a maroon tint which proclaimed to all the world that the suit had been in the hands of the cleaners. Moreover it seemed to me that all the black threads in the material itself had also been turned to the same hideous colour.

The suit was certainly presentable in a sense—that is, you might have had your photograph taken in it without fear of having your economical little subterfuge discovered, but you could not show yourself with it before the eyes of any person who was not colour blind without having the game given away at once.

I am nothing of a chemist, but I think the benzine, which is the agent employed in the so-called dry-cleaning process, must be responsible for this discolouration of all the black parts. Anyhow, a dry-cleaned suit proclaims itself, and looks rotten.

OTHER METHODS.

When I called on the repairing tailor to settle my second bill I again induced him to disclose his secrets. He confessed that to him benzine was a thing unknown, his only chemical agent being ammonia, which he bought in penny-worths and dissolved for himself.

He first of all brushed the suits to take out all dust, and then he sponged any doubtful parts with his ammonia solution to remove all vestige of stains.

When the suit had thus been cleaned, it was repaired where necessary, frayed buttonholes being re-worked, and all seams carefully examined.

Then he damped the garments by hanging them above a pan of boiling water, and finally he ironed them under a wet cloth.

I can vouch for the fact that after treatment at his hands the clothes were exactly as they had been six months previously. His charge was lower than that of the dry cleaners, and the results were infinitely more satisfactory.

I can confidently recommend my readers to seek out for themselves one of these repairing tailors. They make no clothes, but it is my confident belief that they know more about renovating than any other class of men whatsoever.

INKSTAINS ON LEATHER.

It sometimes happens, particularly in these days when we pass a considerable portion of our leisure time in filling fountain pens, that one will drop a spot of ink on a brown boot.

If it is observed at the time and wiped off at once with a wet rag, no serious damage will be done; but, if it is once allowed to dry, you will require to apply methylated spirit or a weak solution of oxalic acid, sponging the leather carefully afterwards, so that as little as possible of the acid may remain on it.

Unless the ink is of exceptionally fast quality, either of these methods will insure its removal.

CAPITAL DEVELOPMENT.

I can remember some twenty years ago when a favourite cap was one having two peaks, one to the back and the other to the front, and ear flaps which were tied with tapes over the crown when not in use.

It was an excellent cap in many ways. In rain it protected not only the face and ears but also the back of the neck, a portion of your anatomy which the modern designer of caps leaves out of account.

The one fault that the cap had was its unsightliness. It was difficult to tell at a glance whether a bald-headed man, wearing such a cap, was facing you or had his back towards you.

After that came the close-fitting, plain cap. Then we had the introduction of the deeper peak, and a greater fulness in front. This certainly was a step in the right direction, for the wide peak helped to shade the eyes and protect the face in stormy weather.

Now, with the popularity of motoring, we have so many styles created that the man who could not find one amongst them to suit his individual taste would indeed be difficult to please.

A USEFUL STYLE.

One very serviceable development is the cap in which a protecting flap is provided for the neck and ears. When not in use, this is hitched up round the back of the crown by means of buttons.

This has been further improved by the addition of two broad tabs which are fixed with studs across one another on the top of the crown, or can be fastened similarly beneath the chin when the flap is let down.

Such a cap is an ideal protection for the outdoor man or the traveller.

Please your fancy in the matter of colour, but see to it that your cap has plenty of stuff in it.

The old-fashioned skimpy shapes are a dead letter now, and the fuller the cap, the more fashionable it is.

A full cap improves the general look of a man's head and face.

BUTTONHOLES.

For ten long years the buttonhole has fallen out of favour. True, the King and some others, who have set their personal liking above the dictates of fashion, have continued to wear buttonholes, but few of them have been seen in Bond Street. Now, however, all this is changed and the buttonhole is quickly regaining its popularity.

The orchid stands supreme as a buttonhole. The man who does not mind attracting attention may wear one of a white or pale blue shade, while the most modest individual need not be ashamed to sport one of the dark brown tints which will scarcely be noticed against the black lapel of his coat. Next to the orchid in point of popularity comes the gardenia, a flower favoured both by the King and the Prince of Wales. After it comes the carnation, particularly that of a dark crimson shade.

There is a prejudice against wearing white buttonholes, as the wearer of them is generally suspected of having been one of a wedding party, and observers steadfastly refuse to take weddings and their guests seriously.

Throughout the summer months one may see in the City enthusiastic amateur gardeners with bouquets of sweet peas and other things in their lapels, but these gentlemen are not conforming to the dictates of fashion; they are gratifying a personal liking, and are exulting in the fact that they are able to produce flowers superior to those of their neighbours.

In some respects these suburban bouquets are reminiscent of the huge buttonholes which were worn in the 50's and 60's. The dandies of that day adorned themselves with bouquets almost as large as their heads, a fashion which has no echo at the present time, the main object of the buttonhole wearer of to-day being to select a flower that is unobtrusive.

Doctor and Patient Discover Cure for Catarrh.

DISCOVERY OF METHOD OF FREEING THE AIR-PASSAGES THAT RENDER CONTINUANCE OF THIS HITHERTO INCURABLE COMPLAINT IMPOSSIBLE.

Great success is attending the new cure for Catarrh. It is interesting to note that the cure is the joint discovery of a doctor and his patient, between whom there was a bond of mutual sympathy and interest developed by reason of the fact that both suffered from Catarrh. The patient's case was the worse of the two. Indeed, the patient's lungs were beginning to be seriously affected, and, what with the constant coughing and spitting, and the difficulty of breathing, his life became a struggle for breath itself.

The doctor's own personal interest in the treatment of Catarrh led him to try this, that, and the other thing, but all without avail, and the patient's own case steadily grew worse.

It is significant that the medical man confined his search to the domain of drugs—such is the power of one's special training. The only thing that seemed to benefit the patient was a balsamic and antiseptic compound. The latter's influence, however, was negative rather than positive. It relieved, but did not cure.

BOOK BY THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

One morning the doctor was astonished to receive an early visit from his patient while at breakfast.

"What!" said the doctor, "have you found a cure for your and my Catarrh?"

"Yes, I believe I have," said the patient-visitor.

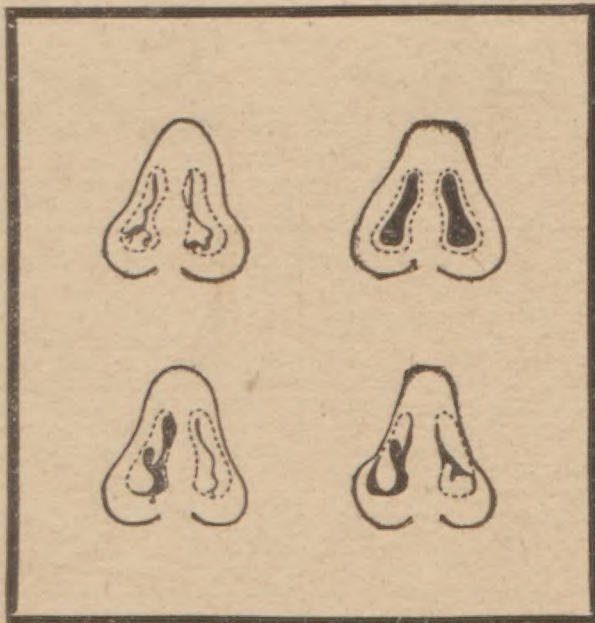
"Yes; I, too, believe you have," declared the doctor, after hearing his patient's account of his discovery.

Now, the whole story of the discovery and the physiological "reason why" are set forth in a treatise which the doctor and his patient have together compiled and published for the benefit of other Catarrh-afflicted members of the public.

Doctor and patient have only just published their joint treatise. First, the doctor wanted to try the dis-

covery on himself. He did, and he quickly got well. Even then the conservatively scientific mind of the doctor (much as he wished to believe the discovery to be the long-awaited cure for Catarrh) raised doubts and fears in regard to the discovery, especially as to whether it would cure all other Catarrh sufferers as well as one or two.

The cured and sanguine patient was all for publishing the good news at once. A single swallow was the sign of summer to him; but the doctor, while not sceptical, preferred to wait for further evidence of the curative power of the discovery. Accordingly the cure was tried by friends of patient and doctor alike. Each searched the highways and byways of his acquaintance-ship for Catarrh-affected persons, and one after the other, men and women of all ages, they all quickly got rid of their Catarrh.



Specimens of Anatomical Illustrations of
the Book on Respiratory Re-Education.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURE.

The doctor is even now writing a technical treatise for the benefit of his professional brethren, and no doubt would have felt it his duty to confine his knowledge within ethical limits. He realised, however, that the important part played in the discovery by a layman renders it impossible for him to get in any professionally selfish spirit towards the public.

Hence, the book just published is offered to any member of the public who has reason to wish for knowledge of how to cure his or her Catarrh, whether it be simple post-nasal Catarrh, or the more seriously advanced stages where the ears and hearing, or the lungs and breathing, are affected. It is curious, too, to note that the treatment is an absolute cure for "snoring."

"Respiratory Re-Education: A Cure for Catarrh," is the title of this book, a copy of which will be sent free of cost and post free to all who apply for it to The Authors, "Respiratory Re-Education," 20, Rhycol Building, 129, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMSTELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,**Tatcho**

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims. To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

**FOR YOUR HAIR.**

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT

THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip Cook M.D.

MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO."

High Croft, Winchester.
I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

Ed. Keate
Major General

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Janet Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise "Tatcho" as I have.

E. Perry
Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.
I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

Col. Bacot Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray
Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

**4/6 Trial Bottle,
TATCHO.**

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

Mr Geo R Sims
M. M. Hair Restorer Co